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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	1	MIDDLE ARTICLES—continued.		CORRESPONDENCE—continued.	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Wagner in London. By Huxford.	10	Costly Daylight	14
Ministers, Soldiers, Sailors and Editors	4	The June Orchis	11	The Decay of Faith	14
The Departure of Mr. Hughes	5	CORRESPONDENCE:		A New Zealander's View	15
Problems of Milk	6	The Economic Conference (Lord Ebury)	12	Neologisms	16
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 100). By Vieille Moustache.	7	The Coming War Minister	12	Indigo	16
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		The So-called "Optimists" and their Organs	12	The Income Tax	17
Japan's Work in the War. By Major-General Sir Alfred E. Turner	9	The Lost Art of Government	13	REVIEWS:	
Rossettis for the Nation. By C. H. Collins Baker	9	The Announcement of the Jutland Sea Fight (C. H. Collins Baker)	13	Towards the French Revolution	17
		Malplaquet and Horn Reef	14	Verses Old and New	19
				The Career of an Artist	19
				The War of the Future	20
				Latest Books	22

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As our readers will have noticed, we have cherished no illusions about the alleged forthcoming "settlement" of Ireland; and from the first we have regarded it as a hazardous adventure at a time like this. How some of our public talkers and writers can have persuaded themselves to be led away into extravagant expectations in the matter we cannot understand. Surely they knew about the menacing mood of Sinn Fein, about the most powerful Nationalist section now in Ireland, and knew about the damaged influence of Mr. Redmond and his party? Surely they took the elementary precaution to acquaint themselves with the true state of things in Ireland? How, then, could they have expected that any statesman could suddenly settle the whole question with a wave of his wand?

The result of this outburst of uninformed sentiment, however well meant, has not been fortunate: it has embarrassed the conciliators and has brought the Government to something like a crisis. Lord Selborne has resigned and the position in regard to other members of the Government is delicate. We wish to say nothing that will help to exacerbate feeling, and of course, if any road to a full settlement could be found, we should be heartily glad and relieved. But nothing must be done which, under the cloak of settlement, places Ireland at the mercy of the rebels who lately deluged the country in blood.

In any case, we earnestly hope the present crisis and the whole incident will soon entirely pass. It has arisen largely through a lack of wise statesmanship. The war is infinitely more important—infinite is here literally the right word—than any political question in Ireland; and nothing ought to divert our Government for a single hour from the work of the war. Even without Ireland their hands are over-full with all kinds of pressing matters. We owe it to our Allies, as well as to ourselves, to shelve henceforth all those purely insular and domestic questions till

well after the war. This Irish question is an insignificant trifle compared with the mighty issues that are pending round Verdun, for example; and to agitate it now and exhaust energy and patience over it is most unwise.

The trial of Sir Roger Casement during the week on the charge of high treason has kept the Lord Chief Justice's Court crowded, and has been followed with eager attention. The story of the landing and discovery of the prisoner and the sinking of the "Aud" after being caught by H.M.S. "Bluebell" were retold. Mr. Sullivan raised the point whether an offence committed within the realm could be adjudged to apply by extension to offences committed without it; but the Court, after hearing his and further legal arguments refused to quash the indictment. Special reference was made to the case of Rex v. Lynch in 1903.

On Wednesday Casement read a statement in which he objected to the evidence on four grounds. He said that (1) he never advised Irishmen to fight with the Turks against the Russians or to fight with Germans on the Western front; (2) he never asked Irishmen to fight for Germany, since they had no right to fight for any land but Ireland; (3) he did not get his own people's rations reduced to starvation point because they did not join the Irish Brigade—the reduction was general, and due to the action of the blockade; (4) he neither asked for nor accepted a single penny of foreign money. He also stated that the rising in Ireland was not inspired by, or financed from, Germany. Mr. Sullivan, in his speech for the defence, laid stress on the contention that Casement had called on Irishmen in Ireland's cause and Ireland's cause alone. He thought it clear that the prisoner's intention was to employ the Irish Brigade in Ireland at the conclusion of the war in connection with the Irish Volunteer movement, and that no other view was compatible with the circumstances. At this point on Wednesday Mr. Sullivan broke down from exhaustion and the case was adjourned.

On Thursday morning Mr. Artemus Jones took the place of Mr. Sullivan, who was not well enough to continue his eloquent speech. The Attorney-General, in his reply, raised five questions which the defence had omitted to answer. Why and how did the prisoner go to Germany? What arrangement did he make before going there? How was it that he had freedom of movement and could address the Irish prisoners, and on what terms was he to do that? If Casement did not come to Ireland in the "Aud," he came on some other German vessel, or some neutral vessel arranged for by the Germans.

The Lord Chief Justice pointed out in his summing up that, if what Casement did was calculated to aid the enemy, and he knew it was so calculated, then, although he had another or ulterior purpose in view, he was contriving and intending to assist the enemy. After an hour's deliberation, the jury found Casement guilty. He made a final speech, suggesting that this country could not but be prejudiced against him: "I assert this is a foreign court to me as an Irishman". The death sentence followed. Any other verdict and any other sentence would have been depraved. To let him off would be a vicious and a dangerous course. It would be an invitation to every hardy scoundrel in the country to play, safely, a traitor's part. No rebel ever merited the sentence of death more richly than Casement.

Despite the travelling victories won by Russia and by Italy, it is along the Western front that the most critical events keep everyone in doubt about the future of civilisation. In the West Germany makes her most formidable effort, losing men by whole divisions and turning Verdun into a thousandfold epic of hell. Eight days ago, after a long effort of awful intensity, her troops captured the fortified farm of Thiaumont and the first-line trenches between Hill 321 and Hill 320. Six divisions were thrown into the battle on a front of about three miles. Wave after wave of men came on into the steady and rapid fire of the French defence. Thiaumont was left behind, and Fleury village was taken, south of Hill 320; but the French made a wonderful recovery in a fierce and patient counter-attack that raged through the night of 23-24 June, driving in the German left near the Fumin wood and pressing the enemy back towards Thiaumont. Last Saturday night they got a foothold in Fleury and fought there with grenades; but on Monday it was evident in the official reports that the Germans had not been driven from the village, and that Thiaumont work remained in their hands. A little more than a mile had been gained after enormous losses.

Since then our Allies have won back their trenches between the Fumin and Chenois woods, and have prevented the enemy from advancing west from Thiaumont. Severe fighting has gone on at Fleury, but the Germans have made no headway there, and they have been heavily repulsed between Fleury and Vaux-Chapitre woods. On Wednesday evening the Paris bulletin was hopeful, recording some more progress in the vicinity of Thiaumont work and to the north of Hill 321. Meantime the persistent and tremendous bombardment of the German lines all along the British front has caused alarm in Germany. During the week British trench raids have been frequent, and each of them has got home and taken some prisoners. But the thing above all to be noted is the fine accuracy of our gunfire all along the line from La Bassée Canal to a point south of the Somme. Equal pressure everywhere is the order of the day, and its persistence is a diversion that the French value greatly because of its influence at Verdun. A correspondent describes how villages used by the enemy for billet purposes are wiped out by British shells, and how "the whole circuit of the horizon seems to be in eruption more or less continuous". The news as we go to press continues to be good, the French having

repulsed a strong German attack near the Thiaumont work, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Verdun; and on Thursday afternoon a German assault north-west of the town against Hill 304 was broken up.

As for the Russian front, Bukovina is being swept very steadily and thoroughly, despite the care with which every bridge is destroyed by the routed Austrians. Some fighting spirit is active still in the Austrian rearguards, for the Petrograd bulletin says that they oppose the Russian bridging corps and engineers, who need and show great valour in the doing of their perilous work. Northwards from the Dniester at Scianka to Novo Alexinetz, the southern point of Lutsk salient, there is no change of importance to note. Neither side has moved forward, and Count Bothmer's positions on the Strypa receive but little help from the Germans. But Russian flanking movements may soon bring pressure on the Austrian centre. Our Allies in the Lutsk salient have passed for the moment from attack to defence, heavy reinforcements of Germans having joined the Austrians in order to protect the very important railway junction of Kovel, which is only twenty miles from Svidniki. Along the Svidniki front the Austro-Germans are face to face with a grave crisis in their strategical affairs. Kovel is a place that they must defend at all costs, and Russia, just by holding her present lines, can draw ever more and more German troops into this arena.

Hindenburg, meantime, has tried to make a diversion south-east of Riga. On Monday night, after a fierce bombardment and the use of gas, he attacked in great force near Pulkarn, but our Allies had been reinforced and the Germans met with a severe rebuff, losing a great many men. Details of this big fight have not yet been printed. For the rest, though the Russians have done wonderful things, capturing a very large number of men and officers, with a vast store of guns and machine-guns, they have still huge difficulties to encounter in three zones: the triangle of Dvinsk-Vilna-Minsk, the Lutsk salient, with its menace to Kovel, and the Austrian centre. Being thoughtful in their courage as in their plans, they do not boast, unlike certain English writers, who declare that "the German ribs are cracking", and so forth. Austrian ribs have cracked and broken in Bukovina, and also in the Trentino, where the influence of Russia's great feats of arms become daily more evident and more heartening.

After many months of arduous work Austria collected for her advance in Trentino no fewer than 2,500 guns and about 400,000 men; a great many of the guns—it is said about 1,000 in all—were of a large size, and many were too big for an offensive movement unaided by good roads. Pretty soon they were left behind by the advance, and other difficulties of transport were harassing the enemy—when Russia by her great successes brought relief to Italy and consternation to Austria. At the right moment the Italian Army began to strike. The Austrians had shot their bolt and retreat became necessary. They have saved their guns, but in other respects have acted as barbarian cowards, burning villages and the towns of Arsiero and Asiago. Near Magnabisch, south-west of Asiago, about a hundred naked bodies of dead Italian soldiers were found in the mire. Along the whole front between the Adige and the Brenta there was shocking evidence of Austrian misconduct. But the Italian Army remembers other experiences of the enemy's methods; it takes revenge in an offensive so rapid that in two days the Austrians have lost just half of the territory that they won in forty-five days of terrible fighting.

On Monday the Government published the third and concluding part of the official story of the Loos offensive. Part I. appeared on 20 May and Part II. two days later. The story throughout is well written and searchingly frank. It does justice to every unit, but

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we fear that it is too long and too close to be understood by most laymen. If the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence would issue for general reading a vivid epitome of the main events, the general public would be delighted.

On Wednesday, in the House of Commons, Lord Robert Cecil announced the total abandonment of the Declaration of London. The chief purpose of the conferences he recently attended in Paris was to decide whether the Allies ought to persist in their partial adoption of the Declaration. The British and French Governments had decided against it, and a joint statement would be issued explaining their reasons. The disappearance of this much-criticised code will simplify the working of prize law.

The Office of Secretary of State for War has not yet (Friday evening) been filled up. May it not convey rather a strange impression to the world that, in the midst of the greatest war we have ever known, we have no head to our War Office, and are busy explaining that there is no need to haste over appointing one! The best man is, it appears, about the least likely man to be chosen, namely, Lord Milner. It is argued that he is not popular; that he is too thorough; that he believes in the principle of obligatory service—and not merely in the expedient; and that several members of the Government would not feel at ease with him. Mr. Lloyd George is therefore the "favourite". In our view he would be a bad selection in almost every possible way; though of course we recognise that he is a very fluent orator.

Both Houses gave their attention on Thursday to the enemy alien danger. In London alone there are still at liberty 9,000 male enemy aliens and 7,000 women. Even in prohibited districts 720 men and 130 women of enemy race are free. Lord Lansdowne says that the Government fully recognise that naturalised aliens should be kept under strict supervision, both by the police and by the military. All suspicious cases are dealt with, he adds, under the Defence of the Realm regulations. The Government believe there is no single enemy alien at large whose case has not been thoroughly investigated by one or other of the advisory committees. But the trouble is that no advisory committee in this world can read the secret mind of a bifold patriot—that is, of a German who has passed through the formalities of English naturalisation. As Mr. Herbert Samuel admits, the whole question of naturalisation should be reconsidered. "In future we should not naturalise as British subjects those who at the same time retain their allegiance to a foreign State." Here is rudimentary common sense. And we are glad to quote another point in Mr. Samuel's speech: "I do not contemplate interned Germans being allowed to resume trading here freely after the war".

The men who removed themselves, or were somehow removed, into exempted occupations when the first Military Service measure was brought in are now being combed out, and we understand the yield of them has been satisfactory, on the whole, of late. But very shortly the demand will once more inevitably be for men and more men and yet more men, just as it will be—and is—for munitions and more munitions and yet more munitions. The public and the Press have tended somewhat to go to sleep in this matter of late. They will presently wake up with a start and discover that we are really nearing the height of a tremendous struggle, and that "arms and the man" is still, and for a long time must be, the cry. We have to pile up the men for all sorts and kinds of foreign service with the Army, and for all sorts of home service with the Army and in the munition factories. "We shall want", said the Government a great many months ago now, "every man". That saying holds quite as true to-day as it held then. We do not write at random, or in any mood of exaggeration. We write

of what we know. The way in which lazy minds and bodies overlook this great, pressing need of more men and more munitions is lamentable indeed.

The Prime Minister of Australia, in order to relieve the Australian shipping problem, has bought fifteen cargo steamers to bring wheat to Europe. Ten of them have been taken from Messrs. Burrell and Son's fleet, and all their names begin with "Strath". The fifteen ships will sail as "The Commonwealth Government Line". "They will not affect shipowners in the Australian trade", says Mr. Hughes. "There is ample room for all. But the Australian Government Line, so far as its tonnage capacity goes, will guarantee Australian producers at reasonable freights." It is hoped that with fair allotment of other British tonnage the producers of Australia will be able to place their goods on the home markets. Mr. Hughes adds: "It is well known that Australia is, and has been, selling many of her goods—for example, lead—to Britain at prices considerably lower than the market rates, and it is to the interest of Britain both during the war and in normal times that the Australian producer shall be able to obtain freight at reasonable rates".

The Duke of Devonshire has been well chosen to succeed the Duke of Connaught as Viceroy of Canada. He has stability and that common sense which is a tradition with the house of Cavendish: we have no doubt about his success. Viceroy of Canada has always been a splendid office, but it is greater to-day than it has been at any period in the past. We owe at least this to Germany—she has secured us, in less than two years of war, a better understanding of our kinsmen in Greater Britain than a hundred years of peace could do.

The evidence of Mr. Pemberton Billing before the Air Inquiry Committee this week is open to easy criticism on the grounds of wandering and impertinence. With his public in his eye, he has been more pretentious than persuasive. Still, we think it a mistake to suppose that he had no points to make, and some, at least, of his statements are well worth regard. It is a pity, of course, that witnesses actually engaged in flying and the business of aircraft will not come forward; but, human nature being what it is, who can doubt that they would be marked men if they did so? On Tuesday, Mr. R. F. Curtis, who had spent two months at Hendon as examiner in the Aircraft Inspection Department, revealed some highly unsatisfactory details of work among inspectors. A careful examination of casualties and their reasons, so far as known, will, we presume, be part of the work of the Committee. They have also to allay some uneasiness concerning the types of aircraft used in this country.

The debate on the new taxation of excess profits has drawn attention to a very unfortunate misunderstanding. There are four thousand controlled firms; they work under the Munitions Act, and their profits are restricted, while the profits of other firms are untouched by the Munitions Act. Since the passing of this Act, then, employers have been divided into two classes by partial legislation, and the uncontrolled firms have been better off than the others. More important still, the controlled firms have believed that their position as disciplined servants of the State would remain unchanged during the war; they have felt secure in their financial outlook under the Munitions Act, and have invested large sums in new plant. Hence they object very strongly to Clause 29 of the Finance Bill, which increases from 50 to 60 per cent. the tax on excess profits, and places all controlled firms under a second master—the Treasury. They wish to be exempted from the action of this Clause, but the Government have run counter to their wishes, and the House on Monday, by a majority of 86, has supported the Government.

Mr. McKenna argued that the limitation of profits under the Munitions Act was a condition imposed by the trade unions, when their rules were suspended in controlled firms. Labour insisted on this bargain in order that equal concessions should be made by both sides. It is argued also that the concession made by the employers left the Government free to increase the tax on excess profits. But arguments do not alter facts. Controlled firms were not told that the Munitions Act levy on their profits might be supplemented by a higher tax devised by the Treasury. And another point must be weighed and measured. If labour throughout the country had given up its peace-time rules, and if the restriction of war profits had been applied to all businesses, the general equity of a new position would have been clear to everybody; but the Munitions Act invited misunderstanding, for it treated in a partial manner several grave questions of national necessity. Controlled firms believe that their excess profits have nothing to do with the Finance Bill, since they are taxed under the Munitions Act; while the trade unions argue that controlled firms must pay the difference between the munitions levy and the new taxation, because the purpose of the Finance Bill is to put employers everywhere on the same level by taking 60 per cent. from all excess profits over the datum line.

Meantime, these firms have set on foot some associations to discuss what they regard sincerely as a breach of faith. We say "sincerely", because certain newspapers, which for ten years have been consistently wrong and vainglorious, seem very eager to insult the four thousand controlled firms. One of them is "surprised to find that no fewer than 72 Members of Parliament voted against public right and public interests". As if the best employers in the country would imagine a grievance and bring it before Parliament! Mr. Hewins said to the House: "The feeling is virtually unanimous among these firms that the proposals of the Finance Bill, if carried, will be a great handicap to them in the conditions that will arise after the war. It will be easier and more reasonable to grant them the concession asked for than to attempt to compensate them after the war for their loss of goodwill—a vague proposal, requiring a great deal of consideration". On Tuesday 60 members of the controlled firms met the Prime Minister at the House of Commons and discussed their case with him, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Lloyd George. It was agreed that the deputation should appoint a small committee to thresh out the subject in detail with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. McKenna. Perhaps a revised scheme will be brought before the House on the report stage of the Finance Bill. There is a case to be settled.

This week Oxford conferred upon Mr. D. W. Freshfield, President of the Royal Geographical Society, the honorary degree of D.C.L. Mr. Freshfield is a veteran who has climbed many mountains. Like Leslie Stephen and Whymper, he belongs to that distinguished class of adventurers who can wield an effective pen as well as an ice axe, and he has done much by his writing for the study of geography.

We are glad also to note that the President and Fellows of Magdalen College have by special election made Dr. Henry Bradley a Fellow. The monumental and unsurpassed "New English Dictionary", which is one of Oxford's great achievements, might bear as its motto "Primo avulso, non deficit alter". For when it lost Sir James Murray, its editor-in-chief, Dr. Bradley, a master of philology, succeeded to that position with a ripe knowledge of the Dictionary and of the making of English. The present recognition of his work may seem obvious; but the obvious thing is not always done, and Universities have occasionally to be reminded that it is their business to support learning. The modest voice of scholarship should not be drowned in the clamours of the market place.

LEADING ARTICLES.

MINISTERS, SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND EDITORS.

WE have not hitherto been much impressed by various outcries that the Freedom of the Press and Habeas Corpus itself are permanently imperilled by the despots of Downing Street. Even the scare over Regulation 27. A. and the stricter fencing of Cabinet secrets from Mr. Percy Alden and his friends in Press and Parliament did not disturb us much. Lord Derby, in mirth, suggested recently that for a journalist to talk with a Cabinet Minister might, under that Regulation, result in—we think it was two years with hard for the journalist; but we suspect that, after the first sentence under that particular head, Cabinet Ministers themselves would intervene: after all, even a Cabinet Minister cannot live without his publicity—i.e., without his journalist—so that it would be necessary for him, in the course of self-preservation, to annul his own Regulation. Thus we did not take Regulation 27. A. quite as John Milton might have regarded it in the age of the Star Chamber, nor are we alarmed for Habeas Corpus if now and then a naturalised alien is visited irregularly by the police.

But there are signs that authority wishes to make the Press Censorship stricter than it has been in certain directions, and, unless we are agreeably mistaken, editors will have to "look out". As it is, the editor to-day is rather often on tenter-hooks. If he wishes to feel quite confident that he will not tomorrow or next week find his paper suppressed or heavily fined, or that he will not find himself producing his next issue in prison, he must read his whole contents, not excluding any references to such apparently subsidiary matters as, for example, cuckoos, cocoa, and chess. He must keep an eye on his agony column, nor even take it for granted that every advertisement is merely a commercial enterprise. And how if, as the paper leaves his hands and the machinist takes it over, he should be warned against inserting something that an hour ago appeared safe and innocuous—warned, as Mr. Lloyd George would exclaim, "too late"! There are other inconveniences, too, if quite lesser ones, not leading to censure by high authority, nor to gaol, but to occasional misunderstandings; as, for instance, when irascible correspondents and contributors hotly resent passages from their lucubrations being editorially removed, and do not understand that such passages are strictly forbidden, as against the Defence of the Realm.

In short, the newspaper and its editor, if they have any respect for their own skins—or their own pockets—to say nothing of the sense of responsibility, are living to-day in an uncommonly anxious age. It really appears to be a moot question whether it is safe to speculate about the war at all; or to refer, indeed, to any public question which may indirectly affect the progress of the war. As to Neutral Countries, perhaps we ought not to mention them at all—for apparently high authority believes that, if we do not say the exact thing which suits, there will be a fresh belligerent on the scene, and on the wrong side of the scene, too. Sometimes it has struck us that high authority should write our articles for us: then no mistakes would occur. What a perfectly secure newspaper that would be, and how comfortable its editor, that published really official articles on Greece from week to week: on Roumania, and on the United States!

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But newspapers and journalists, it may be said, must not complain. After all, we are at war, and it is absolutely necessary to look first and foremost to the interests of the Realm—"Minorities must suffer", newspapers and others. If an editor occasionally finds his way to gaol or smarts under Ministerial and official censure, or if, like the "Globe", he one day finds his paper suppressed, he must recognise that, though he suffers severely, he suffers through his own errors: he ought not to have printed that which has brought him into public disgrace and punishment. Soldiers and sailors when they make grave errors have to suffer. They are subject to court-martial, and even to be dismissed the service where the offence is very serious: why, then, it may be asked, should editors expect to go scot free when they forget their sense of responsibility and print articles against the order of authority or the Defence of the Realm Act? We agree without the smallest reserve—newspapers and all kinds of periodical literature should suffer for wrongdoing in war, not less severely than soldiers. We make no plea on behalf of newspapers and editors who are clearly guilty of disobeying the Defence of the Realm Act or any of the thousand and one orders that to-day are snowed upon them.

So much, then, for soldiers, sailors, and for editors who make bad mistakes in war, either through inattention or through inability or through disobedience to State authority. But, now, how about Ministers of State who themselves make such mistakes? What, for example, of Mr. Birrell, who "laughed" at Sinn Fein, fobbed off Lord Middleton, and who by inattention or inability was largely responsible for a bloody revolution in Ireland? What of Lord Haldane and his intimate circle of admirers who went on uselessly cultivating and befriending Germany before the war, and who "laughed at" Lord Roberts's call for a fair and general law of obligatory military service? What of the statesmen who suffered this country to drift into the most gigantic and terrible of all wars without preparing for it?

Again, what of the Dardanelles operations, what of Antwerp, and what of Kut? Suppose, we only say suppose, it is shown presently that statesmen, rather than soldiers and sailors, committed those errors, should they go scot free?

If the editor of a newspaper were to commit errors in the least degree comparable to the errors that led to the bloody revolution in Ireland, or to the lack of judgment shown towards Germany, or to the terrible and irremediable losses at Gallipoli, we may be pretty sure he would be punished. Now where does the Minister who makes this kind of error go? The answer is that very likely he goes for a holiday to Spain. And when he returns, he may go, for ought we know to the contrary, to the House of Lords.

It is beyond all question that in this war, and in the years and negotiations that have led up to it, several British statesmen have made some of the most serious mistakes which it is possible to make. Their speeches may have been brilliant, but their predictions have been completely falsified, their policy has fallen to pieces, and they have been proved wrong all through. The result has been grave loss to the nation. But how have they suffered for their delinquencies? The answer is that, virtually, they have not suffered at all. One or two may have retired voluntarily to a position of greater leisure and less responsibility, with or without pensions, and with or without a seat in the Upper House. Others have slightly changed the sphere of

their activity, or have not changed that sphere at all. In the main, it may be said, the Minister who fails the nation goes unscathed: he is a starred man in an "exempted occupation". It is doubtful, however, whether the public will not, after its experiences in this war, insist on its statesmen being as liable to punishment and loss when they fail in their vocations as are the rest of us. There is a rising feeling in many directions, and it is a natural and healthy one, that the present vague and traditional doctrine of ministerial responsibility is outworn, and largely even a sham; and that statesmen ought to pay the smart for inefficiency and for their mistakes no less than soldiers, sailors, editors, and others engaged in public life.

THE DEPARTURE OF MR. HUGHES.

EIGHT days ago—on Friday, 23 June—Mr. W. M. Hughes was entertained at a farewell banquet by the Australians who live and work in London. There was a memorable gathering of other guests, and excellent speeches were made by Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Hughes, Lord Rosebery, Lord Grey, Lord Northcliffe, and Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Hughes spoke for the first time about the existing political relations between the self-governing Dominions and Great Britain. It is Australia's lot to be active in a war in which she had not the slightest voice in determining. She states the fact without grumbling, and from her small population sends us 250,000 men. Lord Rosebery referred to this matter at the banquet. "Do you suppose", he asked, "that all the blood that Australia has shed for us in Gallipoli and elsewhere has been shed in vain? Do you imagine that there must not be a radical change in the government of the Empire? The man who thinks it must be a fool. I think the moment for a change is propitious, for our own Constitution is in a state of flux. I hope that when the war is ended the Government of the Empire will be founded on a Council, or whatever form it may take, which will be responsible to the Empire in a way in which no Council hitherto has been, and will embody the unity, sympathy, and strength of the Empire."

Mr. Hughes does not yet attempt to say what form the change ought to be; but he sees clearly, like Mr. Asquith, that there must be a change thorough in its nature. The fact that he speaks of this moral and political necessity now, on the eve of his departure, is characteristic; for it marks the earnestness with which he has put all his thoughts and all his energy into the main thing of all—the war, the winning of a decisive victory. In some quarters Mr. Hughes is misunderstood—is described as an emotional Kelt, though concentration is as evident in his work as the masterful fervour. As a man of genius he is not a Kelt, he belongs to the Mediterranean race, whose grappling tenacity and swift passion survive among the Iberian Welsh. In a few weeks Mr. Hughes has appealed to this country in from sixty to eighty speeches, gaining everywhere the people's confidence and support. Why? There are three reasons: because he keeps to essential matters and fights to win; because his words are simple enough to be accepted at once by all minds; because they have the force of deeds and the persistence of ardent faith. At the Paris Conference, as Mr. Bonar Law bears witness, Mr. Hughes imposed his personality on the delegates. It was he who took to the Conference a clarity of judgment that allied itself at once with the rapid and logical French intellect. If Mr. Hughes had not been present, the debating talk might have been as devious as a bunker-going golf ball.

At the banquet Mr. Bonar Law spoke of the resolutions passed by the Paris Conference: "I am certain that they will be adopted, not only by the present Government, but by the present House of Commons, and that they may be taken as representing the settled

policy of the British Government". And the French are equally determined. It was announced on Tuesday that "the French Cabinet, after studying the decisions of the Economic Conference, has signified the adhesion of the French Government to all the resolutions adopted". Here is encouragement indeed to Mr. Hughes on the eve of his return to Australia. One part of his policy is receiving official sanction. But other questions will arise, and several speakers at the banquet said: "Who will carry on in England the work of Mr. Hughes"? Lord Grey expressed the hope that Mr. Hughes will return soon to this country, and will become a member of His Majesty's Government, so as to secure the advantages of absolute unity in Imperial affairs.

There is sure to be a stiff fight both with the old guard of Cobdenism and with those peacemongers who separate German crimes and German greed from the German people. So we need an understudy for the departing influence of Mr. Hughes. Is this need supplied, more or less, by the British Empire Union, founded by Mr. E. B. Osborn, and thorough in its work? It investigates cases of enemy trading and reports to the authorities; traces the activities of German spies and agents; helps to organise public meetings to urge more vigorous economic pressure on the enemy; opposes the peace-at-any-price movement; and awakens sluggards by putting and by keeping thistles in their beds. The British Empire Union should be certainly our Institute Hughes. Its members believe, as he believes, that the true interests of Capital and Labour are one and should be pursued together. They affirm, as he affirms, that a nation needs good homes and prosperous work for the security of her health and for the contentment of her people. In his words they say: "The task which the people of the Empire have set themselves is the extirpation—root and branch and seed—of German control and influence in British commerce and industry", as well as in British politics and finance. Never again, we hope and believe, will Germans be employed as public servants; and, as for their presence in the Privy Council or in other British honours, it is a snub to the self-respect of the Empire that cannot be tolerated again. But the British Empire Union needs all the strength that the Empire can give to it, and we suggest to the Australians of London that they should join it at once as trustees of Mr. Hughes's programme. About 400 German firms are still permitted to do business in this country, according to Mr. Harcourt.

Mr. Churchill, at the banquet, expressed in a few words the best farewell to the Prime Minister of Australia. What we need above all things, he said, is the feeling that behind the fighting line there is a resolute and sagacious driving power, which by every means, social, political, military, naval, will be carrying our cause forward to victory. It is because Mr. Hughes "has a seeing eye, a dauntless heart, and a daring hand that while we wish him God-speed on his journey we also regret deeply that at this critical moment in the history of the Empire and of the war his counsel and inspiration should be withdrawn from the Mother Country".

PROBLEMS OF MILK.

LONDON has heard, or seen, a great deal lately about milk and cows, thanks to the newspaper posters; and milk, as Germany doubtless realises by now, is a very important factor in war. But at present there is no answer to the problems of milk; there are plenty of guesses, but no solution. Five judges have lately given their united attention to this casuistical subject; but the only conclusion they reached was that a farmer whose cows gave a variety of watery liquid which no analyst would admit to be genuine milk, could not be punished under the Adulteration of Food Acts for selling it. Two of the five, however, agreed with the magistrates who had fined the farmer, though it is almost certain

that all the judges would have agreed that there ought to be a law to meet such a case.

No doubt it would seem a fairly satisfactory answer to say that what is sold, just as it comes from the cow, must be milk; but, as the farmer in question has discovered, it is possible to feed cows on watery, "washy" herbage and to add thereto maize, which is more watery still, so that the quantity of liquid drawn into the pail is largely increased. At the same time it has become very much attenuated in milk fats. In these days of high prices for milk it is good business, both for farmers and milk dealers, to increase the quantity; but it is not an equally beneficial practice in respect of family nourishment. The Board of Agriculture has laid down certain regulations under the Food and Drugs Act, and amongst them is one directing that if milk is so poor in quality that it does not contain 3 per cent. of milk fat it shall be presumed that water has been added, and somebody may be prosecuted for selling an article of food which is not of the nature, substance, and quality demanded by the purchaser. But, if that somebody can prove that he did not add any water, he will be acquitted of the offence, though he has sold an article just as poor in food virtue as if water had been added. It might be thought that, if he so contrived that his cows gave only that poor quality of milk, he deserved conviction, as the effect on the public health would be the same in both cases. The law, however, in its present state, as declared in the case in point, does not adopt this view. The farmer proved that he had not added anything to the product as it came from his cows, nor subtracted anything, except in the ordinary way of straining. He was therefore guiltless. And so the law must remain, unless and until it is altered by Act of Parliament. It is not likely that anything in the nature of an appeal to any of the law courts can alter the decision already given by the distinguished Court which decided the Cambridge case. What is required is a statutory definition of milk, stating what ingredients in it must not fall below a certain standard; as, for example, that, as regards milk fat, it shall contain at least a certain percentage. Perhaps the 3 per cent. before mentioned, laid down by the Board of Agriculture, is much too low. The analyst in the Cambridge case not only certified that the milk was below 3 per cent. in milk fat, but declared that it was deficient by 9 per cent. in that very necessary substance.

But it seems to be only a private opinion of the analyst that it would be desirable for all milk to be of a quality which exists as a sort of ideal in the analyst's mind. The law holds out no such ideal, and there is indeed a difficulty. Suppose the cows of a farmer, on the whole, could not attain the standard, though some particular cows might be depended on for producing the required quality, and might even surpass the legal standard, is every farmer who keeps cows and sells milk to buy and maintain a herd of pedigree milch cows? As for the public standard for milk, the public has no scientific or definite notion at all of what milk is, nor of its qualities; and as in other cases in religion, politics, literature, art, or whatever it may be, has not the least idea of what it really wants—in the sense, that is, of needs.

One of the difficulties of the judges in the Cambridge case was to understand what sort of thing the public expected to get when it asked for milk. If the public expected a certain definite thing, conforming to some preconceived standard, and asked for it under the name of milk, then it would be an offence to sell to the purchaser anything else. Beyond the crude fact, however, that the milk the public wants is not goats' milk, or asses' milk, but something as it comes from a cow—any cow—the public would be fairly content if the latter requisition were satisfied and there were no adulteration, positive or negative. In such an important article as milk, the basic food of infancy and childhood, something more may surely be required from sellers of milk than conforming to the in-

discriminating routine demands of ignorant mothers of babies, and it is to be desired that some standard of nutritive qualities in the product of the cow shall be conformed to before it is allowed to be called by the highly generalised and otherwise utterly misleading name of milk.

Two of the judges tried to get out of the difficulty of not knowing exactly what customers meant when they asked for milk, by asserting that they demand an article of a merchantable quality. But the public takes everything in the guise of milk to be merchantable, provided it is sold as it comes from the cow and is not adulterated, though it does not contemplate the possibility of adulterating the very cow herself by feeding and treatment. What the judge means by merchantable seems to be something to be determined by the evidence of those who deal in the article, sellers and buyers. As soon as the quality gets lower than a certain point the article ceases, on this view, to be merchantable, and in the case of milk ceases to be saleable as milk. This may be a good legal suggestion, apt for dealing with the misdoings of milk sellers while the law stands as it is; but it is of no avail in dealing with the matter from the wider view of national health interests. It seems necessary that some definition should be laid down by Parliament of what is to be understood by milk. The Board of Agriculture, authorised by law, might go a step farther than the 3 per cent. milk fat rule, which can be evaded by the knowing cow-feeder. But there are difficulties. The cow is a tricky, feminine sort of creature; varies her milk according to her age and health, and so on, and even wobbles between her morning and her afternoon lacteal qualities. Still, in these days, when milk is milk—speaking according to its price—it ought to be possible to solve our conundrum.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 100) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

I.

THE situation at Verdun has reached a stage which might materially affect the future of Europe. Though a victory for German arms would entail very little strategical advantage, yet it would unquestionably carry with it an enormous sense of moral superiority. Upon the fate of Verdun depends the future of militarism for that is one of the very vital questions for which the respective Cabinets of the Allies have committed their armies to a trial by combat with the champion of that ideal. The name of the victor in the giant contest at Verdun, whoever he be, will go down in history with imperishable renown. It would be nothing short of a world misfortune if the spell of successful leadership in war which has for so many generations been enjoyed by the ruling families of Prussia were permitted to descend to its future monarch; for with the Crown Prince as a victor in this stupendous duel the doctrine of the divine right of kings, so dear to the Kaiser, might be accepted by the German nation as a code of their religion. The price of victory is of no account in German eyes, in the balance of consideration, so long as the purpose is achieved. Dead men in their thousands, even in their millions, are soon forgotten in the joys of a triumph, and it is one of the marvels in this great war of millions that the sons of the German Fatherland have been imbued with this ideal and march to sacrifice at the bidding of their leaders. What a wondrous achievement is this product of the culture for the past century of an intensive discipline!

Germany, working on interior lines, has had an immense advantage over the armies of the Entente Powers. Although she has been able to indulge in military diversions during the course of a long campaign, yet her armies have never been committed to them in situations that forbade a speedy recall of her

forces when undue pressure on the main fronts demanded a reinforcement, or when opportunity was offered by a weakening of her opponents to further a new offensive. The Allies must confess to having been bluffed on more than one occasion. Germany has been able to hold up Russia month after month by means of a skeleton defence, knowing well to what a powerless state she had driven her enemy in the closing months of the past year. She imposed upon the Entente Powers, by an astute diplomacy, the obligation of distant oversea diversions, which have robbed their armies of forces which at this stage of the war might have proved the means of weighing down the scale of fortune entirely in their favour. Repeatedly in these pages has it been stated that where the bulk of the armies of contending nations is found, there lies the centre of gravity of the struggle, and there will the issue be fought out, heavy though the cost may be. The Great General Staff in Berlin has realised this from the very beginning. They have held firm to their initial gains in the Western theatre, and when attempting a fresh offensive have been careful to justify the order for its delivery by establishing a numerical superiority at the point of impact.

As the campaign has progressed German strategy has become bolder in its conception. It has accurately sized up the power of the defensive in modern war, and has gauged what is required to meet and defeat such blows as the Allies were fain to launch at various points along the trench line from the Channel to the Vosges. Neuve Chapelle, Loos, Artois, Champagne—all costly attempts made by the Allies—were counted by the Germans but as pinpricks in comparison to the sledge-hammer smashing efforts that they contemplated as imperative for success. Germans think big. They think rightly that the greatness of a victory depends upon the multitude of the enemy that is defeated, and they make their preparations in accordance with that view. They thought fit four months ago to direct their onslaught on one of the gates that lead into France, at a point where she might reasonably be found to be strongest: and if victorious over a large army, the combined military, moral, and political effect would be such as to shake the foundations of the Alliance. With an extraordinary persistence, such as history has failed to record in the most prolonged of the world's sieges, German arms have crept up inch by inch, totally regardless of the expenditure of life, to the last fringe of the line of defence that shields the empty shell of Verdun. The world can look for no better illustration of the dogged spirit that permeates the soul of the German nation than that afforded by the picture of the struggle for the capture of the stronghold on the Meuse. It affords a lesson as to what we are up against, for when German arms have failed in their offensive effort, we have yet to experience the spirit with which she will face the counter-strokes that are impending.

II.

The weight of numbers in both men and material that Germany is now throwing into the great effort at Verdun is one of the astonishments in this war of great surprises. The war machine seems never-failing in its capabilities of grinding out shells and soldiers week after week to meet the devouring flame of constant battling under all the hellish conditions of modern war. True, the struggle has been so prolonged at Verdun that more than once have men that were wounded in the earlier days of the fray been found again in the ranks, a thing hitherto unheard of in the same battle. Maybe some thousands of men have thus rejoined their units, but it is in the last phase of the great attack, in the attempted overthrow of the final bulwark that constitutes the main defence of the stronghold, that the German capacity to sustain the struggle to the bitter end will be put to the real test. Germany has progressed so far on the east bank of the Meuse that to be compelled to withdraw would be the signal for defeat of her purpose, not only at this particular objective, but would probably signify

the abandonment of her cherished offensive in both theatres of war for many months. The preparations for the capture of Verdun have been on such a gigantic scale that it may be almost accepted that they could not be duplicated for an attack elsewhere during the present campaign season. It is, therefore, the supreme moment for German arms. She has a terrible nut yet to crack, and in the attempt at a cleavage may herself be broken.

The lock that bolts the cherished aim of German ambition on the Meuse is now confronting her armies on the heights of Tannes, at de Souville, Fleury, and Côte de Froide Terre. It is a position marked out by Nature for defence, which to attempt by direct attack invites appalling loss. The General Staff will not fail to balance in the scales when maturing their plans the question whether to risk the venture or proceed to find elsewhere the key that will unlock the road to Verdun. The matter of time may, however, decide the answer to this question. Both Germany and Austria-Hungary have been driven by necessity, owing to the absence of strategic reserves, to thin out their defensive fronts in order to carry out attacks elsewhere—attacks designed to be carried out on narrow fronts, but with great depth in the form of assault. These Central Powers know full well that either a decision, and an early one, must be reached at the point selected for offensive, or the effort must be abandoned in order that the reserves may speedily regain their original stations. They realise that nigh a million of hostile forces stand straining at the leash ready for a spring at the word of the supreme commander when time and opportunity both serve. What a factor for success in war is time!

The struggle for Verdun we must hope is not yet over. German arms have made a special study of the method of tactical procedure that should be followed to ensure success. The living sap roller formed by her brave soldiery now lies on the ground in piles of dead bodies, which mark at intervals the progress of successive steps in her advance. The intensity of the fire fight and the sacrifice entailed has increased at every position that they have made good. An abyss stands between Germany and her goal. It will require twice the effort and twice the numbers that she has hitherto employed in order to plunge into and beyond the barrier that now confronts her. Much as we must regret the further trials to which our Ally must be put to defeat the German purpose, yet as a problem of strategy the Allies at this particular moment must welcome a further German effort. The crisis is for one side only, and certainly not for the Entente Powers. There is a point beyond which perseverance can only be termed desperate folly. A better leader than the Crown Prince has succumbed to such weakness. In the most celebrated of all battles of last century Buonaparte at Waterloo threw in his last reserve to retrieve a battle which was past retrieving. He lost both battlefield and Empire.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

Russia, in her recent resumption of the offensive, has afforded a new example of tactical methods. Unlike the German system, which, as illustrated at Verdun, suggests a front of 20 miles, from Avocourt Wood to Damloup, as the length within which the blow should be delivered, or that of the Austro-Hungarian offensive in the Trentino, on a front of 40 miles, between the Adige and the Brenta, Russia launches a simultaneous offensive along a front of no fewer than 250 miles. From the Pripet Marshes on the north to the Roumanian frontier on the south, Brusiloff has collected forces sufficient and with weight enough in his attack to bulge in the lines of his opponents at three several points of their strategic front, and at the points of thrust to envelop the defenders on either flank and scoop in prisoners and guns in their thousands. It is a fine achievement. When the full story of success is recorded it will probably be found that Austria, weakened in men by the demand for the operations to which she was committed in the Trentino, trusted to the deployment of many

guns for the security of her positions. It is the absence of guns in a selected defensive position that betrays general weakness. Their withdrawal tells a tale, and the commanders in the various Austrian sectors, robbed as they were of their reserves of men for operations elsewhere, would cling to their cannon to maintain the element of bluff even to the last. A defensive front line that is driven in, and has no reserve behind upon which it can re-form its ranks and reorganise, is at a grave disadvantage. Brusiloff himself has explained how the men disposed in a maze of trenches lose cohesion when driven out piecemeal. They become separated from their commanders, lose themselves in the efforts to regain touch with them, and find no support behind which they can rally.

The Russian offensive has undoubtedly been the greatest surprise to the Central Powers that they have hitherto witnessed. The immediate effect of the shock has acted both strategically and politically. To rob Germany of the cherished power of the initiative is in itself a triumph. Hindenburg, who was probably in the course of preparation for a summer offensive on the Dvina, had already received a blow to his arrangements by the defeat of the fleet apportioned to him for co-operation in the region of Riga. On the top of this comes a demand for action in force at the strategic points of Kovel and at Brody. Kovel in Russian hands, he well knows, would cleave into the junction of the armies of the Central Powers at a point where the security of Eastern Galicia would be gravely imperilled. Brody stands not far from the gates of Lemberg, the capital of the province. To the south, where the armies of Austria are unshielded by strong German arms, the victorious path of Russia seems unchecked. The entire Bukovina has fallen to her arms. With the southern passes over the Carpathians in Russian hands, an army sweeping to the north might put the seal upon the possession of Galicia almost up to the well-known fortress of Przemyśl, the bone of so much contention. The line of advance of the Russian Armies started with its two flanks well secured from attack in any great strength. It appeared as if the design contemplated a bold sweep to the west in order first to secure the strategic points of Kovel, Brody, Stanilau, Kolomea, and Czernowitz. Its progress was remarkable, and was stayed only by the armies of German support drawn from other theatres of war. At one point, however, success has been so marked that a fresh design may suggest itself to the directing mind of the staff of our Ally. The defeat of the Austrian Army under von Pflanzer in the south has been so complete that with the gap thus formed on the right of the Austrian defensive, armies can be poured into the flank and rear of the successive hostile armies that confront our Ally from the south to the north. It is but a question of numbers and of such available strategic reserves that are at the disposal of Russia to employ at the point of cleavage of the enemy's line. This war, which has seen so many of the reverse sides of the pictures that were presented in its early days, may yet see one on a huge and astonishing scale. Turn back the pages of its history, and you will see Galicia conquered by our Ally by a movement from the east and north in the month of September 1914. With an enfeebled Austria and with the Carpathians firmly held by Russian arms, this year may see the province again in the hands of our Ally by a movement of her armies from the east and south. It would be a bold stroke, and its delivery would, if successful, spell ruin to Austria-Hungary. An army in these modern days of war that is compelled to throw back a flank from a defensive position can do so only at the sacrifice of men in their hundreds of thousands and guns in their many thousands. With an army gone for ever there is little alternative to a nation but a complete surrender.

Already has the political atmosphere been affected in the Balkans by Russia's splendid advance. Is it too early to venture an opinion that victory by our Ally over the Austro-German armies has decided the vacillating minds of the Cabinet of King Constantine?

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MIDDLE ARTICLES.

JAPAN'S WORK IN THE WAR.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED E. TURNER.

THE departure of the Japanese Ambassador and his wife, Marquis and Marchioness Inouyé, from London for Japan, where the former has inherited vast estates owing to the death of the famous statesman, the late Marquis, will cause sincere regret. During the three years that they have been among us they have done all in their power, with fine tact and sincerity, to foster and perpetuate the strong feeling of friendship between Japan and Great Britain, and it is in a great measure due to the distinguished statesman who is leaving us that the cordial relations between the two countries have become more and more pronounced of late. Lord Salisbury did a good stroke of business for the Empire when he formed the alliance with Japan, which has been of immense benefit to us during the war and will be of increasing advantage. We and our Allies fully recognise the services Japan has rendered in aiding to crush the enemy, and all will welcome the appearance in future of the cleanly and industrious Japanese settler as a most valuable asset. Till lately, such Japanese have often been regarded with suspicion and prejudice, while Germans were welcomed with open arms. The Teutonic scales have fallen from the eyes of the world. We know now how superior to the Germans the Japanese are, and it was good to read that in Australia, where the feeling against them was once very strong, the recent arrival of the Japanese Fleet there was seen to be an occasion for jubilation and festivities in honour of Japan's Navy.

The distance to Japan is great, and therefore events in the Far East have not the same effect on our minds and imagination as those which happen in the West, almost under our eyes, so some of our people are inclined to overlook the enormously important part played in the war by Japan. In the first place, the Army and Navy of Japan, the former under General Kamaya, side by side with the British Force under General Barnardiston, seized the most important German possession, Tsingtau, on Kiao Chao Bay, which the Kaiser commanded to show German invincibility and never allow itself to be captured. Tsingtau was acquired from the Chinese by a gross piece of bullying and fraud by Prince Hohenlohe, the German Chancellor, in 1898, under the pretence that it was by way of compensation for the murder by some Chinese of two German missionaries. The Kaiser, who had, and probably still has, Arabian Night dreams of power in the Far East, considered this acquisition of Tsingtau of enormous importance, and he telegraphed to Prince Hohenlohe his congratulations that God's favour had crowned his life's work with such a brilliant reward. The Germans spent a great sum in increasing and fortifying the place, which they made into one of the most valuable and beautiful places in the East. It was to have been the foundation of their long-dreamed-of domination of China, and the loss of it must be bitter to the Kaiser and the pan-German party. Japan has taken it, holds it, and will, of course, continue to do so. It is some compensation for the manner in which she was treated and robbed of the fruits of her victory on a former occasion. Japan's Navy has escorted the Australian, New Zealand, and Russian troops in safety to France, thus relieving the British Fleet of duties which would have, to some extent, crippled its activities. Her Navy, moreover, guards the Eastern seas and keeps them free from the German flag. Japanese marines and sailors aided considerably in suppressing the revolt at Singapore, which had been cleverly engineered by the Germans, who enjoyed British hospitality and protection in that Colony. Finally, Japan has aided her Allies quite as usefully as if she were fighting side by side with them by incessantly supplying them all, with the exception of Italy, with rifles; while as to Russia, to whose people the Japanese, by a strange turn of the wheel of destiny, are now genuinely attached, the

Japanese have done highest service by supplying them with large and most formidable guns, ammunition, and explosives, which have gone a long way towards bringing about the recent débâcle of Austria in Poland. Little did the Kaiser and von Moltke dream, when they uttered their vain boast that they could not lose the war as Krupp would win it for them, that a rival to Krupp would rise in the Far East among the, by them, hated and despised Yellow Race, whom Wilhelm intended, as he said, to crush after he had dealt with Europe. The Japanese have rendered inestimable services in the cause of righteousness and liberty against that of tyranny and cruelty. They are a highly proud and sensitive race, and it would be well if a little more acknowledgment of the part they have played in the war, and of the ready, loyal, and thorough aid which they have rendered to the Allied cause throughout it, were proclaimed a little more upon the house-tops.

ROSSETTIS FOR THE NATION.

BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

IRREVERENT and sceptical youth, studying Rossetti's late work, is apt to ask wherein it differs really from, say, Mr. Frank Dicksee's or any other popular Academician's Burlington House success. The answer is—in little, save that the eminent Academician's is better painted. The real value of Rossetti's degenerate work is that it throws into a favourable light the pictures of his successful maturity, such as the "Monna Vanna" and "The Beloved", which of all the Rae Rossettis just secured for the nation are destined to be most popular. For it may be reasonably contended that had Rossetti ended on the note struck by these and similar pictures, they would have compared less favourably still with his earlier work than they do in present circumstances. Clearly, pictures that represent an artist before his final collapse have that much to the good; they can always be assigned to his maturity rather than to his decline.

Of course this cuts both ways, so that if, by some catastrophe, we lost all the evidence on which Rossetti's rank as a very fine artist is granted, it would be difficult to give any convincing reason for being particularly struck by the work of his mature period. A naively critical person for whom the word Rossetti had no magical and thronging associations, whose mind was unprejudiced by the romantic memories of the Pre-Raphaelites and the passionate imagination of Dante Gabriel's great hour, would find his "swell" oil paintings of about 1865-70 not so important as to justify a special letter home. He would readily admit that they had not the sentimentality and common taste of the works of from 1874 onwards; but, at the same time, he would feel that there was something self-conscious in their endeavour, something ineffectual in their colour, something irresolute and facile in their designs. He would also recognise that in their hot pursuit of sensuous emotions—the emotions evoked by swirling lines, desirable flesh, and sumptuous brocades—these pictures might very easily become a bore.

Now those to whom the mere word Rossetti conjures up a glamour cannot help viewing the paintings of his maturity through a golden dust; themselves haunted by the romance and mystic inspiration of the earlier Rossetti, they feel the presence of his rich, mysterious imagination yet lingering in pictures whence, to more profane or less deluded eyes, it has fled. Appreciation and comprehension of art are so subjective and so complex that only the most indiscreet will have a ready solution for this sort of problem. But it is worth while, since we have gone so far, to wonder how the earlier Rossetti would strike our unimpressed student of his middle and late periods if, suddenly and unprepared, he came face to face with "The Wedding of St. George", "The Tune of Seven Towers", the little "Damsel of Sanct Grael", and "The Blue Closet", which were the glory of the Rae collection.

In them he would find another passion than that of "Monna Vanna"; the sharper and more wonderful passion of youth, half-physical, half-spiritual, rather than the languorous indulgence of fatigued experience. In them he would apprehend a mysterious and private life compact of deep thoughts and yearnings, virginity and chivalry, mystic communion and sub-conscious memories; in the others he would find no secrets nor significance so rare or baffling as to elude interpretation. And whereas in the later works the drowsier and more sensual conception is expressed in indolent design, in uneventful colour and suave forms, the tenser spiritual inspiration of the early pieces, the visions of a youthful seer, find utterance in jewelled colour, in firm and daring patterns, in the glow of emeralds, of rubies and sapphires; in clarion chords with sudden notes of white and apple-green breaking into muted passages of neutral colour, and in the simple strength of geometrical design.

Rossetti's great period was passing when he entered his thirties; the dawn-like freshness and sharpness of the "Seven Towers" and "St. George", both of 1857, had given place by 1863, to which the "Fazio's Mistress" belongs, to the full-blown richness of noon, on which quickly follows lassitude. About this time Rossetti discovered what his public required of him, and to his artistic cost, but worldly profit, was obliging enough to give it what it asked. He patented a process, as we say, by which, without much trouble, continuous satisfaction was guaranteed to his patrons. As time went on nervous disease ripened in him and confirmed him in the drug habit. Ravaged thus, no wonder that his art became deplorable. But if we would eschew sentimentalism and be honest we must recognise that long before disease bound him in his fatal habit, his art had entered on decline. It had become that of a popular Academician who, having ascertained what pays, works for success by recipe.

Luckily, however, the national collection is now so rich in examples of his unique and lovely vision, thanks to the generosity of the Rae family, and to the decision of the National Gallery Trustees, that, for the first time, what matters seriously in Rossetti's painting can be well realised in London. And as, in the long run, we shall be more permanently enriched by his best work than impeded by his poor, we need not concern ourselves save with the former.

WAGNER IN LONDON.

By *Πικρός*.

THE war may have an excellent effect upon the reputation of Wagner, at all events in England. Henceforth we are going to have Wagner's music without the Wagnerians. The Wagnerians have been the worst enemies of Wagner. It is true that Wagner was himself one of the worst of the Wagnerians; but a man can be his worst enemy in more ways than one, and Wagner, when he was not composing operas, was often doing his best to defeat his own high destiny. It was Wagner's destiny to be the greatest musician since Beethoven—the equal of Bach, Handel, and Mozart; and this, one would have thought, was destiny enough even for a German genius. But Wagner, when he was not a musician, was neither better nor worse than many a lesser man of his own time and nation. It had been enough for Bach to compose the Mass in B minor, and for Beethoven to compose the Symphonies. But it was not enough for Wagner to compose "Tristan". He must prove that mankind had been waiting for "Tristan" since the first shepherd played upon a reed in Arcady; that the whole history of opera was a series of unsuccessful attempts to compose "Tristan"; that "Tristan" was not only music, but the only sort of music which could be justified by the laws of nature. Moreover, he confused, or encouraged others to confuse, the music of "Tristan" and the "Ring" with all kinds of comparatively dull and trivial things—the philosophy of Schopenhauer, modern socialism, the stage-craft of a period when

stage-craft was at its worst. It will be urged that Wagner was provoked to this by the way in which the public received his work, and still more by the way in which they went after Meyerbeer. But this is not really an answer. Beethoven said nothing at all when the musicians of his day went after Rossini. He simply waited. Wagner, unhappily, could not wait. He was a great musician, but he was not, like Beethoven, a great man.

So Wagner became the first of the Wagnerians—the first of a hieratic succession which has managed his reputation during the last thirty years, and determined how we shall listen to his operas. It has required us to listen to his operas in quite a different way from the operas of anyone else. Going to the opera has been one thing; attending a production of the "Ring" has been quite another—more like assisting at a kind of æsthetic Grand Masonic Lodge, where everything stood symbolically for something else. Even "Tristan", which is as simple in the ear as Antony's "The nobleness of life is to do thus", has been philosophised about and made the text of endless dissertations upon the relations of music with the other arts.

The war, it is to be hoped, will change all this; because, though we cannot do without German music, we can do very well without modern German habits of thought and temperament. We are going to learn, with the help of English conductors and singers, to listen to Wagner without being portentous about him. We are, in fact, going to listen to Wagner as we listened to him last week at the Aldwych Theatre, as a very great musician, clever enough to write libretti which are only very rarely too bad to interfere with our pleasure in the music. We are not going to take any account of Wagner's philosophy, which is usually a misstatement of what somebody else has written, or of his æsthetic theories which, like all great artists, he forgets all about and flatly transgresses the moment he begins to be really inspired. We are not going to care greatly whether his people sing in English or German (even though the English versions do rather suggest the conversational style of Mr. Alfred Jingle), because it is at last really beginning to dawn upon us that, except as an indication, "This is a love scene", or "This is a sea-song", Wagner's words, provided they are not outrageously funny, matter about as much as the words of "Don Giovanni" or "Otello". We are not going to care whether the Bayreuth traditions are observed or disregarded, though some of us are beginning to feel that their observance draws a quite unnecessary attention to the fact that over thirty years have elapsed since they were really respected. We are, in fact, going to listen to Wagner just as we listen to Mozart or to Verdi. We are going to accept "Tristan" for what it is, not for what has been written about it. "Tristan" is not a philosophy or a tragedy. It is a musical masterpiece.

None of us, at least, had any doubt as to this last Thursday week at the Aldwych, least of all Sir Thomas Beecham. Sir Thomas showed a very practical contempt for Wagner's sacred text by having it rendered in an English which no one could for a moment accept as holding anything but a very subordinate part in the proceedings; and he abolished outright the Wagnerian stage, substituting a scheme of decoration whose chief virtue was to be unobtrusive. Moreover, he quite frankly regarded Tristan and Isolde as merely two very powerful and effective instruments in his total orchestra. The whole performance was sheerly musical from start to finish—a fact wholly and thankfully approved by an almost entirely musical audience.

Once you have agreed not to talk about "Tristan" as the Wagnerians talk, there is really no need to talk about it at all. It is just a true expression of the simplest of all human emotions. There is as little deliberate thought and as little metaphysics in the immortal part of "Tristan" as in the note of a bird or the wing of a butterfly, or in any other natural expression of the universal passion which equally informs them all. In "Tristan" this passion is isolated from

all which in civilised life renders it complex and colours it with foreign or new qualities. The attraction between Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* has in it no friendliness or affection, no external or additional sanction beyond itself. It takes no account of hatred or dishonour. It is the selfish, engrossing passion which ruined Antony, and is only not immoral because it is older than morality, an imperious poison for which the love-draught of Brangäne is a fitting symbol on account of its antiquity and its suggestion of a fatal helplessness in those who drink it.

The English performance of "*Tristan*" under Sir Thomas Beecham is surprisingly good. The orchestra undoubtedly commands the whole production, but this is now accepted as inevitable with Sir Thomas in the chair. This is less indisputably a fault than the tendency of Sir Thomas to neglect the middle degrees of emphasis. Mr. Mullings and Miss Buckman began the opera with much care and circumspection, but the love potion worked wonders upon them both, and they were shortly holding their own with all the instruments of brass. These English singers quite easily establish the futility of importing foreign interpreters. They are adequate, and will soon be more than that. Miss Autran's Brangäne was all sweet singing and most personable looks. She made no efforts to disguise the fact that she was there to sing to an audience of musicians, which she continued to do quite obviously even when she was addressing persuasion and comfort to her mistress. The whole production was a great and applauded success. It lasted from four to five hours, but no one was too tired to acknowledge that the time had been well bestowed.

THE JUNE ORCHIS.

THE call of the countryside was insistent: "When are you coming? The orchises are out". But some makers of little black scratches on paper have no business in these days to be ankle-deep in flowers, even wild flowers. The weather, too: it could not really be the end of June; there was plenty of time yet; one spoke revilingly of "the to and fro conflicting wind and rain", of "the volleying rain and tossing breeze", and waited for "the flaws of fine weather which we pathetically call our summer". It was Matthew Arnold that led the battered worldling out of London into the fields and woods. His unforgettable line:

"Before the roses and the longest day",

was the clinching shock. The longest day came; the roses must be out, and the wild orchises would soon be gone.

"Defraud not thyself of a good day", said the Son of Sirach, and Heaven, said I, spare the delicate blossoms from the clumsy, tearing hands of week-enders! London before now has rhymed with "undone". Pallas, take your owl away, and let us have a lark instead. I was full of excuses for idleness, and Margaret, a country maid escaped from school, needed none. High up on the chalk, so far from London, yet so near, we waited in the cottage down the green lane for the sun, and even the cuckoo, varying his cry with an occasional "guggoo", seemed to have a cold.

At last the rain relented, and the strip of blue sky which the clear ascent of the flute heralds after the storm in the "*Pastoral Symphony*" promised pretty weather.

We were out on the hill, past hedges of dog-rose and field-rose and nut-bushes graced with peeping blue speedwell and wreaths of bryony, on the sheltered slope below the beeches and hawthorns. High time, indeed, to be out before the summer was gone! The stiff white blossom of the dogwood was all over; the more delicate guelder-rose was already coming into bloom, and the traveller's joy, which marks the pause between summer and autumn, was well on the way to its festoons of green flowers. The early spring orchises have not been so abundant this year. I was

glad to hear it—the more chance for the others; and never has there been so fine a show as this year of the purple spotted orchis, springing up in such varying colours and shapes that it seemed to deserve many names—here squatting on the sand-heap, with a cluster almost white, there a tall spire of thickly massed purple, bright enough to satisfy a coster's eye as a shade for a donah's gown.

But these are easy to find. The small green habeneria, with a touch of khaki, is a little dull and more retiring, and it needs an eye to see at a distance its two handsome brethren, the butterfly orchises, standing out of the grass. They are not where they were last year, but not far off, and the practised hand, or rather, eye (it is experience against the keen sight of youth), looks for them under the remains of a faggot or sheltering in the longer grass under a bush. One might almost track them by their scent, they are so fragrant. Still more retired, as darkling as the night-ingale, who has been frightened away this year, perhaps, by the search-lights, the fly orchis raises its slender stalk in the verdurous glooms, the flower a velvety red insect with a blue splash in the middle of it. With this and the helleborine, a white orchis which always looks a little untidy, and a few specimens of the green twayblade, which is getting past its best, the hillside has yielded up most of its store of orchis. But where is the bee orchis? It should grow here, though we have never found it.

The further field beyond the bee-man's odd cottage and unweeded garden is yet unexplored, though it is almost snowed under this year with a white sheet of moon-daisies. Margaret has a proper enthusiasm for them, knows about her name, and may yet become a philologist, though one hopes her acquaintance with pearls may be decorative rather than philological. Down the hill in the open yellow predominates—the hawkweeds, the little rock-rose, and masses of birds-foot trefoil. The fine thistles and autumn's purple will come later, but there are curiously vivid patches of milkwort which mingle pink and blue flowers together. A solitary patch of London Pride by a ruined well shows where a cottage once stood. On a broad slab of stone above the scanty water two toads sit as far apart as possible, glaring solemnly at each other, as if both cherished so damp a spot, but neither the other's company.

Past the cowslip meadow up the hill there were some promising beginnings of orchis plants in the spring, but a path runs across the field. Have the week-enders seized our spoil? "They don't know about such things", says Margaret, and truly, when we happen on them, they seem busy examining their own bravery of clothes and tricks of hair, self-conscious creatures who are their own fairest flowers. Yes, there are butterfly orchises here, too—the smaller sort—but they are almost over. They get less wind than those on the higher ground and bloom earlier in the cleft of the valley. The further field, though deep for the most part in moon-daisies, has a promising array of black brambles left on the grass from a scattered faggot. Here is the butterfly orchis again, in the very middle of the shelter, and beside another bramble, as I give one farewell glance, are three little bee orchises growing together—a brown bee curiously variegated with yellow and set off with three delicately purple sepals. It is one of Nature's subtlest colour schemes, and she is prodigal, indeed, for this orchis is perfectly and unusually adapted to do without the visits of insects. Perhaps Nature believes in beauty for its own sake, after all.

We do not know, nor do we care, Margaret and I. We would rather hunt for orchises than for reasons. We are not in search of instruction. We are ready to believe anything. We think there may be something even in the crazy-witted fellow who is always mooning at the gate and catching bees in his fingers and preaching to them. "Anyway, we are wiser than Socrates, who would confine himself to the city because Nature had nothing to teach him.

Even here our excitements are not ended, for we find a small parliament of age and youth at home. Two cottages off a swarm of bees has chosen to blacken the very top of a chimney. Where is the bee-man, who is never stung? Where is a skep? No one knows. It is a big swarm, too, well worth taking, if one ought to take it without knowing whence it came. The women are busy talking about it. And I am busy thinking:

"Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,

But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick"
in my own pleasant country, and before I knew Virgil had attained what he desired, an inglorious lover of the streams and woods.

"Divini gloria ruris", this is, indeed, England.

V. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

26 June 1916.

SIR,—In your article headed "The Counter-Attack in Economic War", dealing with the recommendations approved by the delegates to the Paris Conference, you have rendered good service to the public by calling attention to the paragraph defining the methods which the Allies will adopt to carry out measures of "mutual assistance and collaboration", and by giving the prominence of italics to its concluding words—viz., "having regard to the principles which govern their economic policy".

The general principle which distinguishes this country's economic policy from that of her Allies is liberty for the world at large to dump such manufactures as we can produce ourselves, untaxed, upon our shores, and this liberty lies at the root of Germany's economic domination and Britain's economic dependence.

In the operation of a pact to which so many Powers are parties there must of necessity be considerable elasticity in matters of detail, but to enter into arrangements for harmonious action based upon discordant principles is merely beating the air. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Bonar Law, whose profession of certainty that the resolutions containing the words to which you have so pointedly called attention will be adopted not only by "the present Government, but by the present House of Commons, and may be taken to represent the settled policy of the British Government", adds greatly to the gravity of those words, assuming them to bear the meaning which they express.

Yours faithfully,
EBURY.

THE COMING WAR MINISTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

June 1916.

SIR,—It will be a passing strange indication of the regard paid to the feelings of the Army at the time of its greatest stress and strain by those who occupy "the seats of the mighty" if the politician who, even among that army, is disliked and distrusted by it more than any other should be appointed Secretary of State for War.

The affairs of the War Office are now in the hands of four of the most capable and experienced military officers, Sir William Robertson, Sir Nevil Macready, Sir John Cowans, and Sir Stanley von Donop, who were thoroughly and deservedly trusted by Lord Kitchener. If at the eleventh hour an unknowing, as far as the Army is concerned, political Boanerges is brought into the War Office, to interfere and upset Lord Kitchener's work and those who worked with him, one more calamity, and perhaps the greatest, will be added to those inflicted on the nation by his death.

Your obedient servant,

A SOLDIER.

THE SO-CALLED "OPTIMISTS" AND THEIR ORGANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 June 1916.

SIR,—You may well say, in the Notes of the Week of the current issue, "It has been hard to stand up against the rush of enervating nonsense which has swept through the so-called 'optimists' and their organs in the London Press during the last fortnight or so". It has been hard, indeed! In calling attention, however, to a few of the contributory causes of this new ebullition of futility, I venture to think that you have omitted one of the most potent of them—the inordinate dread, far from confined to any one section of the Press, of using anything in the nature of naval language.

What is naval language? In a leading article a fortnight ago you gave some indication of its nature when you said: "The King speaks in naval language when he says that 'the retirement of the enemy immediately after the opening of the general engagement robbed us of the opportunity of obtaining a decisive victory'". This, wholly admirable as it is, suggests rather than provides, a definition. Naval language, as the present writer understands the term, is distinguished by strict adherence to known facts and an absolute disregard of rumour, no matter how apparently plausible the latter may be. It is language informed with the strongest sense of responsibility, waging eternal war on boasting and exaggeration in every form. In other words, it never falls into the distressingly prevalent habit of mistaking a part, and that as often as not only a minor part, for the whole. If it has a weakness, it is to be found in that inevitable defect of the quality of supreme love of Truth—a tendency to the understatement of its own case; but even here the range of transgression is strictly limited, while the motive which prompts it is more deserving of praise than of blame.

Judged by such a standard, it is easy to see how far the majority of Press comments on the Jutland fight have been from exposing their authors to the charge of indulging unduly in naval language. Nor are they alone in adopting this policy, for several of our leading politicians and a multitude of less considerable publicists are by no means free from occasional failure in a like direction. Mr. Asquith, for instance, assuring his Ladybank audience that, given a couple more such actions the German Navy would be non-existent; or Mr. Balfour, asking if there is any German who does not now believe that his one-time dream of the possibility of invading this country has been dissipated for ever, were speaking, not in naval language, but in the language of the "Optimist" Press. To do the First Lord justice, however, this was exceptional—not in his habitual strain—and when, in the same speech he declared: "Until Admiral Jellicoe's despatch comes I neither mean myself to discuss any details of this battle, nor do I encourage such discussion in others", he was employing naval language, through and through.

How far this sagacious advice is from being universally acted upon is evident from the fact that, within a fortnight of its being given, one of the most widely-read writers on naval matters was regaling his readers in the following amazing fashion: "But the truth is that as a fighting force the German Battle-cruiser Squadron does not exist. Such ships as do not lie at the bottom of the North Sea are in such a damaged condition that they will not be seen at sea in the course of this summer. That is a statement which can be made with the most complete assurance". Such unqualified asseveration may well carry conviction to the average reader. It is only when one compares it with the subsequent Admiralty statement on the subject: "It is not possible to define the full extent of the German losses, but the Admiralty have no reason to modify the estimate of 5 June", bearing in mind that the latter only assumes two enemy battle-cruiser losses to the above writer's four, that the folly of casting such positive statements broadcast, at this stage of the matter, becomes fully apparent. Even in those

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rare instances where they are eventually confirmed, they have turned victory into a commonplace before it is officially made known.

No wonder that the pseudo-optimists are so troublesome! Under incitements of this nature—and the case is only typical—the wonder would be if they were not. Look at it as one may, there appears to be everything to gain and nothing of real moment to lose by the more frequent adoption of the spirit of naval language in every department of public affairs.

Yours faithfully,

"REALIST."

THE LOST ART OF GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Blackheath, S.E.,

24 June 1916.

SIR,—The important article which is published in the current issue of the REVIEW opens the question as to why "amateur" government has been able to survive the appalling dangers which the nation has had to face in the stupendous upheaval of this war. Overpowering disaster would long since have been the fruits of our groping and blindness but for some mysterious power or national ground of confidence other than a political one. Obviously, in the first outbreak of hostilities this national sense of security emanated from the prestige of our navy, but with the growing urgency of demand for an army unprecedented in the annals of British history, our confidence in the matter of coping with such a vast and vital exigence emanated solely from the popular faith in the master spirit, prestige, and foresight of one man—Lord Kitchener. Our military needs, indeed, had the guiding and organising spirit of efficiency—hence our weakness in one national aspect was fortunately strengthened.

But the parlous condition of our statecraft remains unchanged, and must obviously lead us into dire straits unless some singular power of efficiency in the matter of State economics saves us. Weakness is a form of disease, whether it be physical, economic, or moral, and calls for singular treatment. Lord Kitchener was fitted for and succeeded in his task because he did not muddle and confuse issues. As a military genius he knew that his task was wholly an enterprise of dynamics, and he dealt with it as such. He thus obtained for the nation a singular ground of strength from a singular form of its weakness. Apart from economy or kind in the matter of men and armament, he had no use for such forms. Political or other issues did not concern him, and it is well for the nation that he knew his business and scorned to pose in any other character than as the great soldier and military organiser that he was. He recognised that civil and political needs called for civil and political aptitude, and we may owe the untimely loss of this great man to civil and political interference in matters which were wholly and purely military matters.

Fusion of issues which had no common or singular ground or relationship, as well as inept postures on the part of Ministers themselves, have been very serious causes of hindrance towards bringing affairs to a quick and satisfactory termination. Clear insight as to what is and what is not vitally relative of civil and military matters of administration is absolutely necessary to facilitate complete uniform action, which alone can spell victory. Economic conferences (like Royal Commissions) are a sign of weakness, in that they are always associated with undecided and groping movements. Issues are surely writ plain enough by the pressure of events, so that any man may read who runs. But the running must be done in a straight line. Economic issues, like dynamic issues, demand singular insight and control. Taxation, for instance, indicates the supply value of the nation's income—that is to say, it discovers the economic ground of government expenditure. But is this so as far as our Government is concerned?

If this (economic) value is simply equivalent to a national demand value, what becomes of the national (political) form of economy, which, like the individual form, must and can only depend and be organised from a supply basis?

If individual forms of economy were merely expenditure forms there would be nothing economically wrong in an individual, by means of loans or credit, spending double or treble his income. What is false economy on the part of the individual cannot be true economy on the part of the nation. Time is discovering, and will continue to discover, the prime fact that not only our own political safety and soundness, but the national stability of all governments depend upon the economic credit of supply and not of demand. The political issue of supply, like the military issue of men and armament, must have a more stable ground than a figurative one.

Kitchener was not the man to credit the nation with arms and men which were merely figurative. He wanted, and he saw that he had, material to honour any credit given. How, therefore, can any credit given by a government on a speculative system of demand be honoured from speculative supplies?

It is equivalent to the individual already mentioned, who exists entirely on loans or credits from mere pressure of demand. Here is the clear economic issue!

The cost of this war, stupendous as it is, must be met, but it can be met safely and honourably upon a basis of sound economics, as it can blindly and with tremendous risks, upon a basis of spurious economics. It would add completion to our success in arms, and completeness is a thing of all importance with the enemy we are fighting.

Finally, the justice and truth of your statement which does not exempt any particular government from blame, may well be noted. The unfortunate fact which the present Government has to face is that of not possessing the art of government at a time when the dire stress of events absolutely requires it.

Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE JUTLAND SEA FIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 June 1916.

SIR,—Time enough for getting cool has passed since the Admiralty was attacked for its way of announcing the Battle of Jutland (or will it be Horn Reef in history books?). I find myself, however, still at the same heat of exasperation at these attacks, in which to my surprise the SATURDAY REVIEW joined. I defy anyone to deny convincingly that the Admiralty's first announcement was not in itself depressing or gloomy or downcast. That constitutional pessimists and nervous milk-and-water people jumped at the chance to get depressed and hysterical was not the Admiralty's fault. But no person with any grit and balance could have been spontaneously and genuinely desperate. Of course, as soon as the Press raised a mechanical parrot-like cry that the Government was, as usual, to blame, people began to fancy they had been shockingly upset. That is the penalty of suffering a dishonest Press, or a flabby sentimental Press. How the first announcement struck less subjective people was shown by the comments of foreign papers, before they learned through our papers that we had been shamefully misled by the Admiralty. They praised the honesty and directness of the Government's statement.

I repeat that no one can honestly say that that first announcement was in itself pessimistic, and suggest that if we are as a nation so nervy and white-livered as to be unable to bear a true and dispassionate announcement of events we are not likely or fit to survive. The attitude of the clique anti-Government papers is too stupid and contemptible for words. One moment it is "Tell the People the Truth" and "Trust the People"; the next it is that the Government deserves annihilation because it did not coddle us in cotton

wool in the German way. I have just read again the first announcement; it is astonishingly true and courageous.

Your obedient servant,

C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

MALPLAQUET AND HORN REEF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Whether or not the world will ever learn the full extent of the German losses in the battle of Horn Reef seems problematical in view of the many precautions taken at Wilhelmshaven to prevent the truth from leaking out, and from the reticence of the enemy's Admiralty, a reticence the palpable object of which is to foster the idea that the battle resulted in a German victory, as a consequence of the first unfortunate report issued by our own Admiralty, which admitted the sinking of five or six British warships. Let us suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the British losses in ships and men were greater than the German on 31 May and 1 June, the fact that the British Fleet remained masters of the scene of the engagement, after forcing the enemy to seek refuge in its distant base, would, no doubt, be sufficient to prove the decisive character of the combat.

Take the battle of Malplaquet, for instance, as a parallel. In that sanguinary fight Marlborough and Prince Eugene lost 20,000 men in killed and wounded, while the French, under Marshals Villars and Boufflers, had only 15,000 casualties, the opposing forces each numbering some 90,000 men. In this case the lesser loss sustained by the French was due to their being attacked in a strongly fortified position, which was only captured after a furious onslaught. The Dutch, indeed, under the Prince of Orange, are said to have lost 10,000 alone in a futile attack on the French right wing. Yet Malplaquet, which the Duke described as "a very murdering battle", is acknowledged by military writers as one of the greatest of Marlborough's victories, because the British cannonade succeeded in cutting the French centre in two, and compelled Boufflers, who assumed command after the wounding of Villars, to fall back, though in good order, on Valenciennes; while, as a further result of the battle, several important French towns had to capitulate soon after.

Yours obediently,

N. W. H.

LET US LOVE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12, Oak Avenue, Bradford,

19 June 1916.

SIR,—Your footnote to my letter in Saturday's issue does not deal with the point I wished to emphasise, which is the inadvisability of stirring up party mud at the present time.

If "F. R. L." may go back ten years to prove his points, surely I may go back nine years to prove mine. My desire, however, was not to exonerate Liberal leaders, nor even to point out mistakes made by yourself: it was rather to show how easy it is to unearth mistakes made by one's opponents, since all parties and even all editors are fallible.

At present everything should be subordinated to the supreme object of winning the war, and you can do much—have, indeed, done much—to help in that stupendous task; but continually girding at those who do not see eye to eye with you will not forward the consummation we all so ardently desire.

For more than thirty years I have been an admirer of your paper, even although I totally disagree with the majority of your political views, and it pains me to see in your admirable and powerful paper such expressions as "slobbering over greasy burgomasters". I think them unworthy of your columns, and fail to see what good they do to anybody or what harm they do to Germany.

Yours sincerely,

S. MIDGLEY.

[We must again remind Mr. Midgley that the expression "slobbering over greasy burgomasters" was not the

SATURDAY REVIEW'S: the REVIEW is obviously not more responsible for a correspondent's views than it is for a Liberal Leader's telegrams, such as the now famous one to Mr. Tribitsch Lincoln, M.P., quoted in this correspondence.—ED. "S.R."]

COSTLY DAYLIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Athenæum Club,

116, Piccadilly, W.,

27 June 1916.

SIR,—Apropos your remarks in the current issue on the raising by the Chelsea Co. of their charges by 10 per cent., I would draw your attention to the action of the Metropolitan Electric Co., who having already done this, are, from the beginning of the current quarter—i.e., April—raising them by a further 10 per cent. At the company's general meeting a few weeks ago the management of affairs was freely discussed, and a committee of enquiry appointed to report to a further meeting which has not yet been convened.

Yours truly,

W. F. ANDREWES.

DAYLIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 June 1916.

SIR,—If you can kindly spare me the space, I should like to say in reply to "D. Y. N." that I purposely did not mention the agricultural difficulties, because Sir Frederick Banbury had alluded to them when opposing the Bill, and also because they are so numerous; but there is one in particular of which I, unfortunately, have personal experience, as must be the case with many, and that is that my fowls keep time by the sun, and will not roost earlier for any Act of Parliament; whereas outdoor servants like to go home by the clock and perhaps before roosting time, so that someone else must lock up the fowl houses. I was chiefly interested in the litigation likely to result. The carrying of lights on vehicles is prescribed by Act of Parliament, and the time used to depend on the time of sunset. I can imagine someone arguing that because sunset is at 8 p.m. by real time, therefore lights must be carried on vehicles five minutes afterwards, on the ground that the clock, recording local time, will then show 9.5! although the Act as to lights specifies one hour after "sunset". And by the alteration of an hour the "house-breaker" will become a "burglar" in broad daylight!

I enclose my card, as usual, but sign myself,

Sir, your obedient servant,

ZETETES.

THE DECAY OF FAITH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“A Layman”, writing under this heading, complains that the decay of faith is so little recognised by ministers of religion. Is this really so? I should have thought that it is a subject which is quite obviously occupying their minds, often almost to the exclusion of others equally important.

The ordinary man, “A Layman” tells us, does not believe that the conclusions of scholars are reconcilable with traditional Christianity. Will your correspondent be more explicit, and tell us what particular conclusions of scholars are irreconcilable with what particular doctrines of traditional Christianity? It is only by “ascending to detail” that we can clear our minds on these matters.

That there has been a decay of faith is undeniable. One of the reasons of that decay is the fact that “the ordinary man” as a rule does not take the trouble to ascertain the real meaning of the conclusion of scholars on the one hand, or the real doctrine of the Church on the other. I do not suggest that your correspondent is one of these; but I should be really glad if he would kindly enlighten us as to what particular parts of the message which our religious

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leaders continue to declare are those in which thoughtful men have ceased to believe.

When he does so, it will probably be found that these are not part of traditional Christianity at all, and, moreover, are only declared by the minority of religious teachers who still cling to the narrow and false traditions of seventeenth-century Protestantism.

Yours faithfully,
CHAPLAIN, R.N.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
15, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W.,

24 June 1916.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Walter Winans's most interesting letter on the above subject, in which he states that "no one with a sane brain can doubt that the universe is governed by some supreme wisdom, and that all that happens in this world is for the best". Would you permit me to assure Mr. Winans that there are thousands of persons with perfectly "sane brains" in Europe at the present moment who have no doubt whatever on the subject, but are quite certain that the universe is *not* governed by "some supreme wisdom", and that all that happens in this world is *not* "for the best".

He adds that "the world has outgrown Jonah's whale and Balaam's donkey", but there are many other equally foolish beliefs that the world is outgrowing, as the volume entitled "Foundations", written by Fellows and Tutors at Oxford, which was published about three years ago, plainly indicated.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

WORDSWORTH NO CRITIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the literary Billingsgate with which Mr. Salmon has belaboured my view, a view supported by your reviewer, that Wordsworth was no critic, he has utterly failed to convince me that I have "no case" or that I have "dodged" the crux of our controversy by my "astounding pronouncement".

With a cocksureness that Macaulay would have envied, Mr. Salmon remarks: "It is quite stupefying to find Mr. Hutton mention the Quantock period as a conclusive proof of Wordsworth's indebtedness to Coleridge. Absolutely the reverse is true". Is it? In the Wordsworth article in the eleventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica", I find the following referring to that period: "An immense stimulus was given to his powers by his first contact with Coleridge *after two years of abortive effort*" [the italics are mine]. Not only so, but in 1832 we find Wordsworth himself writing in regard to Coleridge's influence—an influence which Mr. Salmon throughout this controversy has strenuously denied: "He (Coleridge) and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted. . . ."

Therefore, to deny that the intellectual stimulus of Coleridge's daily and hourly companionship on Wordsworth never took place is palpably absurd and opposed to the dictates of common sense. Wordsworth himself has given us a poetic record of that golden companionship on the Somerset hills below Bridgwater:—

"Upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,
Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel. . . ."

Despite all assertions to the contrary, any candid reader who essays the task, and I fear it will be a task, of reading through the *whole* of Wordsworth's poems will find that at one time he is feeding on angels' food, and at another on the homeliest bread and butter. In the "Excursion" and the "Prelude" lines of the barest moral commonplace and baldest matter of fact follow and precede "thoughts that breathe and words that burn".

Is not this proof positive that Wordsworth was no critic?

May I say that nothing surprised me more in Mr. Salmon's letter than his "astounding pronouncement" "that the value of a poem does not depend on the care with which it has been polished"? Surely all the best critics of our time, if not of all time, have been at one on this cardinal point—viz., that style is the great antiseptic of literature. What but style, and style alone, preserves from oblivion Lamb's "Dissertation on Roast Pig"?

In conclusion, I am obliged for Mr. Salmon's list of authorities, and could easily supplement it—some are old friends, such as Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" and Myers's monograph, which have been in my possession for many years.

Faithfully yours,
STANLEY HUTTON.

A NEW ZEALANDER'S VIEW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hobart, Australia,

10 May.

SIR,—Writing from the other end of the world about the war has its difficulties, for long before the letter reaches its destination circumstances may have radically changed. But upon some matters there will not be much alteration. I observe that in what the Germans amusingly call their proposals for peace is the restoration of the captured colonies. So far as Australia is concerned, and I might add New Zealand and South Africa, such a thing is impossible. We have long been restive here at having Hunnish neighbours, and do not desire a repetition of the unpleasant experience. Another matter is that of naturalisation. We have been too free and easy about it in the past. A person wishing to adopt British nationality should do so in a Court of high degree, in the most solemn manner, repudiating all other allegiance, and appearing in person to confirm his change of nationality after five years. If married to a British woman the children should accept the mother's name. Our directories are crowded with foreign names of people who in this generation have hardly the remotest strain of foreign blood. After the war we must again, sooner or later, trade with the Germans. Let it be later! The piratical murders of women and children passengers on board British ships by enemy underwater craft should not be lightly forgotten, nor the murder of women and children by aircraft, or baby-killing German cruisers. Let us put a term of non-intercourse, say, ten years, or after an adequate indemnity has been collected. Now, supposing we come out of the war victorious, how about an indemnity? I have heard it said that impoverished Germany could not pay it. Let us see. They have sunk many of our ships with their cargoes. We could take ship for ship from their mercantile marine, and fill them up with new cargoes from German warehouses. As regards further indemnity—assuming we are victorious—let us garrison the enemy country as the Germans did France, and place an export duty of 50 per cent. upon German exportations, to go to an indemnity fund. Sooner or later the money would be paid. As for territory, we should internationalise the Kiel Canal and push back the boundary of France to the Rhine. The German naval ships should be acquired; we could do with some of them for the Australian Navy.

For Imperial organisation after the war, the first thing is for the British Islands to bring themselves into line with a Federal Constitution upon the somewhat diverse models of Canada, Australia, or South Africa. Then your Irish trouble would end. Having done this, erect an Imperial Government dealing with war, trade, foreign relations, and dependent native dominions. This Government should have a sea-going navy, and an expeditionary force with transports, munitions and supplies always ready. The Imperial Parliament might consist of a single chamber of fifty members, representative of New Zealand, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Empire of India, the Union of South Africa, the Dominion of Canada, and the United (federated) Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

"We shall have no more war"—idle dream! But let us be brought into no more wars. If we organise our vast Empire thoroughly, if you at home will lay in a couple of years' stock of corn and build two or more tunnels to France, we might rest in peace. No one would dare attack us.

I had the honour to submit certain proposals to our Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, before he left Australia, one of which dealt with safeguarding passengers at sea. I would take the interned Germans, men, women and children, and in lieu of internment on land intern them at sea within what the Germans are pleased to call the British "war zone". These people should be placed on board passenger ships till they had left the shores a hundred miles or had arrived safe home, as the case might be. There would be nothing unfair or inhumane in the arrangement. We would not place them in any danger from us; they would be entitled to the same immunity from injury as our own non-combatants. Their services could be made use of on board ship.

Yours, etc.,
WILLIAM CROOKE.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

144, High Holborn, London, W.C.,

28 June 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Beatrice M. Bellin, makes a great mistake if she imagines that the war has put an end to the demand for votes for women. What has happened has been that, out of consideration for the very grave crisis through which the Empire is passing, women suffragists have dropped their militant methods. This does not mean that they have ceased to demand political enfranchisement. Indeed, their propaganda work has proceeded much as formerly; but, being merely a quiet and ordinary method of work, it is ignored by the Press, and the public consequently know nothing of it. Public meetings and conferences of delegates representative of many suffrage societies have been held, with the result that a proposed deputation from eighteen different suffrage societies to the Prime Minister on the subject of votes for women has received a certain amount of publicity during the past week or two. A few of the women's suffrage societies, it is true, have practically suspended suffrage propaganda work in order to devote all their time and energies to various activities more immediately connected with the war. The Women's Freedom League, however, has not wavered for a moment in its demand for the enfranchisement of women—and many other societies have been equally steadfast.

The right we claim is the right of self-government and the right to be fairly governed, as is only possible when both sexes are represented on the voters' list; and this right we shall continue to demand until the need for it no longer exists—i.e., until women receive their political enfranchisement.

Yours faithfully,
MARGUERITE A. SIDLEY.

NEOLOGISMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hoy Hill, Sussex,
27 June 1916.

SIR,—Mr. McKenna writes in such a bantering way that it is difficult to know what he approves and what not, but apparently his opinions are merely arbitrary, whereas, in such cases as he cites, analogy and consistency with the genius of the English language are the only sound criterion.

He is, at any rate, right in "averse from", though the vulgar "averse to", which in strictness connotes the precisely opposite meaning, has been excused even by such an authority as Lounsbury, on the strange ground that it is

almost universal, a plea which would justify some of the worst solecisms in use.

It is all the more surprising to find Mr. McKenna adopting such a puerile expression as "inverted commas"—which they are not—for "quotation marks"; indeed, it is a pity our printers do not introduce the French "guillemets", which are small double brackets, rendering such a phrase impossible. Then, why "gourmand" when we have the good English "gormand" and "gormandise"? This is on a par with the now fashionable "crêpe"—which hardly anybody can pronounce correctly—for "crape", and "clientèle" for the good old "clientele". We shall hear lawyers talk of their "cleesongs" next! The German "strafe" is, of course, cognate with our "stripe", though I admit a useful variant; while "ally" should properly be "allyee", though if abbreviated to a verbal noun it should follow the usual rule and be accented on the first syllable, like "invite", "combine", "annex", "content", "control", and I would add "résume" to take the place of its unpronounceable French equivalent.

The *h* inserted in the so-called English form of "Reims" is a mere barbarism, unjustifiable either by etymology or sound. The Anglicised form of "Ypres" should be "Yper", like "Brug" for "Bruges" (Flemish "Brugge"), while there is no such word as "Scheldt" in any language, the Flemish being "Schelde", but it is probably so written by pedants because, like "veldt" for "veld", it looks so picturesque!

E. A. PHIPSON.

INDIGO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9, Stanley Street, Bedford,

22 May 1916.

SIR,—Mr. A. E. Bale's letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 20th inst. ought to be taken very seriously by the Indian indigo planters, whose trade fell off from about £3,000,000 a year down to about £250,000 a year—a fall for which there was absolutely no need if only there had been some central authority with power to examine into statements made by skilled dyers. In the absence of any such authority, individual planters and traders did not see their way to act for the benefit of their trade competitors.

Indigo is absolutely the fastest dye to sun and sea air. Had there been such a central organisation as Mr. Bale suggests, exposure tests would soon have shown up the hollowness of the claims made for German dyes—e.g., alizarine blues fade to brown in from two to three weeks in Egypt. Also the exposure tests would show up dyers' tricks of selling goods as "indigo dyed" that had only just enough indigo, or synthetic indigotin, on them to swear by. The German chemists told everybody that "indigotin" was the dyeing principle of indigo.

If that was true, you would extract indigotin from indigo-dyed cloth. You don't; you get indigo out, and you get indigotin out from indigotin-dyed cloth—there is no mistaking one for the other. But in the absence of any central authority to examine into this truth, the sporting planters did not venture to contradict the learned chemists, and meekly submitted to the trade buyers' valuation of their indigo on the basis of its chemical percentage of indigotin, whereas indigo is a dye, not a chemical, and indigotin is chemically spoiled indigo; it is perfectly ridiculous to say that indigo is 40 per cent. worse in dyeing power than indigotin. In spite of repeated challenges, the chemical theory has never been proved to really skilled indigo dyers. An indigo vat is as delicately balanced as a billiard ball. Indigotin is easier to "reduce" than indigo is, so it is possible to persuade a chemist who has not served a seven years' apprenticeship to indigo dyeing that the chemical imitation is better than the real thing.

But you have got to convince the man who knows his business and is responsible for the cash spent on dyes. In old days indigo used to cost 7s. 6d. per lb.; three years ago it fell off to less than 2s. per lb. No one would

believe me then when I said it was cheap at 3s. 4d. per lb. Now the recent Calcutta sales have averaged over 11s. 3d. per lb. One hundred per cent. synthetic indigotin cost 12s. and 14s. per lb. before the war; 20 per cent. synthetic paste cost 8d. per lb. (3s. 4d. dry). What was that 20 per cent. made of?

Yours truly,
ALEX. W. PLAYNE.

THE INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23, Bedford Square, W.C.,

26 June 1916.

SIR,—I have read with interest letters from a number of your correspondents on the subject of the anomalies and unfair incidence of the income tax. These cannot too often have attention called to them. When the income tax was first imposed it was looked upon as a useful subsidiary source of revenue, but now it is a monstrous excrescence upon the fiscal system. Few people realise that at present about 4 per cent. of the people pay 70 per cent. of all taxes, and that the income tax is very far from being a rich man's tax. It is surely grossly unfair that more than two-thirds of all the taxes in the country should be extracted from such a small fraction of the people, the vast majority of whom have incomes under £1,000 a year. Of course, income tax payers have in the aggregate few votes, and Chancellors of the Exchequer almost always proceed along the line of least resistance. Various forms of indirect taxation offer unplumbed depths for revenue which can and should be sounded for the relief of the staggering middle class, crushed under this monstrous impost, at once crude, short-sighted, and grossly unfair.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
E. M. Cox.

PETROL AND JOY RIDES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tintagel, Cornwall.

SIR,—In your last issue you refer to the scandal of the waste of petrol on "joy rides". Last week I was in Boscastle and met, first, a large excursion motor-brake full of people, a powerful machine, from Ilfracombe; then another, slightly smaller, labelled "Bude to Newquay"—this last I have met frequently going either to or from Newquay. Surely it is time this reckless waste of petrol was forbidden; unless it is, the next two months will see an increase of this waste, as visitors seem to have no hesitation in availing themselves of excursions that, however pleasant, are hardly justifiable at the present time of stress.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. C.

"WORK OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed delicious piece of cheek I received last week.

Yours faithfully,
THE HEAD OF AN INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

"Dear Sir,—At the suggestion of the Board of Trade Committee on Work of National Importance, I write to ask if you could employ me as music master at your institution?

"I am a musician of all-round attainments, and was educated chiefly in Berlin, Munich and Paris. As I am a conscientious objector to warfare, I have been granted exemption from military duties on condition that I give up my private work and engage in teaching music in a charitable institution.

"If you have a vacancy on your staff and will consider my application, I will gladly send you fuller particulars as to my ability as a musician.

"With the expression of my esteem, I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,
"_____".

REVIEWS.

TOWARDS THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"The Eighteenth Century." By Casimir Stryiński.
Translated from the French by H. N. Dickinson.
Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book takes us from the death of Louis XIV. to the eve of the great Revolution. It has been crowned by the Académie des Sciences et Politiques, and its translator, Mr. Dickinson, has done his work well, with loyal patience and with true affection, undismayed by the fact that languages retain for all time their antagonisms, unlike nations. If French could be done into English, or if English could be done into French, life and literature would be troubled with a language too many. For all that, a good translation is a very useful and necessary thing, and Mr. Dickinson rarely fails to portray the qualities of M. Stryiński's mind. His French friend becomes an English acquaintance. More than this we cannot reasonably expect.

Modern historians may be put in two classes—the dramatic and the undramatic. Those in the first class are men of imagination, who see all events under a form of visual conception, and who try to make the distant near and the past vividly present. They behold in every period a developing drama, thronged with wayward actors. Their lot would be easier if they were content to amble through chosen facts into laboured narration, and to be commentators and moralists, easy historians of the second class; but their imagination seeks difficulties, like that of every true artist. M. Stryiński is a dramatist in his attitude towards the past. His mind has made its home in the eighteenth century, and this circumstance has become as natural to him as are the memories that unite him to his boyhood. In his rapid chapters all is clearly seen and deftly drawn; penetration and breadth of vision go hand in hand with intimate anecdote; and we wonder at the ease with which the book grows inevitably from the divine prestige of Bourbon kingship to the fall of Brienne and the beginning of a new era. "You will be a great king," said Louis XIV. to his great-grandson. "Do not imitate me in my taste for building, nor in my taste for war. Try to lighten the burden of your people, as I, unhappily, have not been able to do." A courtier of the period, quoted by Chamfort, had different views. "After the death of Louis XIV.," said he, "anything may be expected; the greatest calamities may occur." And they began at once to happen, for the great King's successor, a pretty child, just five and a half years old, very small and delicate, was gradually spoiled by an education of incessant flattery; very soon he came to look upon himself as a being apart, to whose pride and caprice the routine of court fawning gave honour and obedience. One day the Bishop of Metz, Monseigneur de Coislin, came to offer his homage to the little prince. Louis cried, "Ah, mon Dieu! how ugly he is!" The bishop turned on his heel and said, "What a badly brought up little boy!" Madame Palatine knew that the little King was being spoiled; "But it does not disturb me," she wrote, "for by the time he is old enough to reign I shall be no more of this world". Others would be dependent on his whims and follies.

The King's governess was the elderly Duchesse de Ventadour, who set him up on an altar and let herself be ruled by his whims. She kept her position till 1717, when Louis, at the age of seven, was placed under Marshal de Villeroy, a courtier sated by royal favours and as servile as a flunkey. "It is difficult to undertake the defence of Louis XV.," says M. Stryiński; "but, before he is condemned, an allowance must be made for his education at the hands of flatterers; it must be remembered that he was always surrounded by strangers, and, as he himself said, that he lost his parents before he could realise his loss. All these are extenuating circumstances, from a psychological point of view." Besides, as Madame de Ventadour said in a letter to Madame de Maintenon,

the little King was unfortunate in his character. "You will laugh at me when I tell you that he has the vapours, yet it is true; he had them in his cradle. The result is his mournful air and the constant necessity of rousing him." He seemed to have inherited all the troubles in the lineage of his family. Sad and morose, foolish and fickle and futile, he grew up in the midst of fawning courtiers, and at sixty-four he died in the midst of intrigues, depraved and despised. And Louis was his own judge. He said in his will: "I have governed and administered badly, because I have little talent and I have been badly advised."

The next King was twenty years old. "It seems that the universe is falling on me", he said. "I am the most unfortunate of men! God! what a burden is mine, at my age, and they have taught me nothing!" The Neapolitan Ambassador, Caraccioli, said with truth that Louis XVI. might have been born and educated in a wood, so boorish were his manners. But he noted also the King's good points: simplicity and naturalness, a character without vanity or pride, fond of justice, scornful of flattery, austere, kind, and good. France welcomed him as a saviour, and the new Louis gave all his thoughts to the people, sending two hundred thousand livres to the poor of Paris and renouncing the grant given to the King at his accession for the joyeux avènement. One day the Queen went on horseback to the Bois de Boulogne, where she met the King on foot, in the midst of his people, without escort. "She dismounted, and Louis ran up to her and kissed her on the forehead. The crowd clapped their hands, and the King, thus encouraged, gave her two sound kisses. The applause was redoubled." "They assure me", said the Duc de Croÿ, "that it was one of the most touching episodes that has ever been seen, the more so because it is long since the nation has been able to give vent to her tender feelings."

It was springtime, a season of good intentions; but Louis was a poor judge of character, and he had little stability. His aim was to surround himself with honest folk, who would have courage enough to keep him in touch with his duties; but at the first serious trial he proved himself unfit to guard his country. When Louis XVI. recalled to power the Comte de Maurepas, he laid his hand on a very singular "honest man", who was destined to be disastrous to the State. Throughout his life it was painful to Louis XVI. when he had to pass from good intentions into a decision. To say "Yes" or "No" at the right moment, always the most difficult work in statesmanship, was an adventure that alarmed and dazed his mind. And the Queen, by her pleasure-seeking, threw into relief the troubles that flowed from the King's political weakness. She did nothing but run about to the shows in Paris, the balls at the Opéra and at Versailles, "always in a flutter", said the Duc de Croÿ, "and hoping to escape boredom by perpetual motion". Her debts grew, and her laughter continued, while the monarchy waned. But Marie-Antoinette had other qualities, which disarm the criticism of historians. In the last letter that she wrote to Madame Elizabeth—it is dated 16 October 1793, at half-past four in the morning—she reveals her habitual courage and her love:—

"I am writing to you, my sister, for the last time. I have just been condemned, not to a shameful death, for it is shameful only to criminals, but to rejoice your brother. . . . I am deeply grieved at having to leave my poor children. You know that I exist for them and you alone. . . . May my daughter realise that at her age she should always help her brother with the advice inspired by her wider experience and by her love! May my son never forget his father's last words, which I repeat to this end: Let him never seek to avenge our death. . . ."

M. Stryienski has carried his story to the beginning of 1789. Then he reviews the men of science, the men of letters, and the artists and architects of the eighteenth century. Among the men of science there

are Clairaut, D'Alembert, Lalande, Lacaille, Réaumur, the Montgolfiers, Buffon, Tronchin, and Quesnay, a pioneer of political economy. As for the "Encyclopédie", which tried to do honour to the sciences and to all other knowledge, it was a harlequin's coat, as Voltaire said, with a great many pieces of good material, but also a great quantity of rags. Only ten men of letters come to us from this rebellious period: Voltaire, Diderot, André Chénier, Destouches, Piron, Gresset, Marivaux, Beaumarchais, Montesquieu, and Jean Jacques Rousseau. The painters are criticised with sympathetic knowledge, and we are glad to see that justice is done to Chardin as well as to Watteau and Watteau's followers. Chardin was very poor. One day, when he was painting a hare, the engraver Le Bas called to see him and offered to buy the picture. "It can be arranged", said Chardin; "you have a jacket that pleases me very much." Le Bas took off his coat and carried away the picture. What Diderot said of Chardin is entirely true: "One stops before a Chardin almost instinctively, as a traveller who is tired with a long journey sits down in a spot where there is a green bank, silence, water, shade, and freshness".

A good story is told of the frank La Tour. Very much against his will, because he hated to paint in a town, La Tour went to Versailles to do a portrait of the Marquise de Pompadour. He went to her only on condition that no one should interrupt him. When he arrived he unfastened his shoes, his garters, and his collar, took off his wig and hung it on a girandole, put a silk skull-cap on his head, and began to work. Soon afterwards Louis XV. came in. "You promised, madame", said the painter, "that your door should be kept shut." Louis laughed, and told La Tour to go on with the portrait. "It is impossible for me to obey your Majesty", La Tour answered. "I will return when madame is alone." He got up at once, took his wig and garters, and went into another room, grumbling half-aloud: "I don't like to be interrupted". But Louis turned the tables upon him one day. La Tour was a patriot and a politician of sorts. "Sire, we have no ships", he ventured to criticise. "You forget those of Vernet", the King answered, in a stab of wit.

M. Stryienski takes a glance at the Salons and their influences. The Duchesse du Maine, the Prince de Conti, the Marquise de Lambert, Madame de Tencin, and Madame Geoffrin were the leading Salonists. It was Madame Geoffrin who astonished the Abbé de Saint-Pierre by making him a chatty and a pleasant guest for a long winter's evening. The Abbé was so intent on bringing peace to the whole world for ever that he brought boredom and dismay into society. Yet Madame Geoffrin drew him out to such an extent that she was able to thank him for his conversation. He answered, as he took leave, "Madame, I am only an instrument on which you have played well". She could put art into a snub. Once, when the Chevalier de Coigny was losing his breath in a very long tale, she said: "Will you be so good as to carve this capon?" The young man took from his pocket a small knife (which was not a compliment on Madame's housekeeping). "To succeed in this country", she added, quickly, "one must have long knives and short stories."

A study of the eighteenth century in France ends very well with the gruff candour of La Tour, the lusty good-nature of Chardin, and the wit of Madame Geoffrin and of Madame de Lambert. A great many readers, we hope and believe, will be grateful to M. Stryienski. Throughout the book he keeps at very close quarters with his profuse and difficult subject, suppressing all unnecessary detail, keeping life and character in every swift epitome of intricate events, and remembering always that the drama of history has no right to be dull in a book. To know what to leave out is a very troublesome problem in the art of writing history; it is a problem that M. Stryienski has solved in this entertaining book.

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VERSES OLD AND NEW.

"Love, Worship, and Death." Some Renderings from the Greek Anthology. By Sir Rennell Rodd. Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Poems of Robert W. Sterling." H. Milford. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Bridegroom." By Elizabeth Kirby. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.

"Poems and Plays." By Percy Mackaye. 2 Vols. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net each.

READY to recognise the new, we are glad to start with the old tradition. Sir Rennell Rodd, an accomplished friend of Greece, has turned of late to the Greek Anthology for rest and refreshment and given us a little book of graceful translations. They range from the seventh century B.C. to the sixth A.D., and they remind us that no English classical scholar has yet produced a full text of that Anthology. Of a German one which was progressing slowly before the war, we shall probably not see much. Here is a gap that ought to be filled without delay. We agree with Sir Rennell Rodd in applauding the quality of Dr. Mackail's prose versions of the Anthology; but his is only a selection. We want the whole garland to make our own posies.

Those who have no Greek will see from the renderings in "Love, Worship, and Death" the grace and simplicity of the Greek mind. Sometimes, it is true, the simplicity is too evidently voulu; but the collection, as a whole, is like a series of gems exquisitely cut, infinitely rich within a small compass. Sir Rennell Rodd knows the difficulties of the game, and has been successful in getting away from that sad dialect, translator's English. Shelley, Lang, and other masters of grace have been before him. Walter Headlam wished to forget all his early renderings of Meleager. It needs happy moments for this skill, and they have come to the latest adventurer.

"Thou gazest starward, star of mine, whose heaven I fain would be,

That all my myriad starry eyes might only gaze on thee."

This is excellent. "The Grave of Heliodora", the height of Meleager's art, is all good, too, save for one unfortunate phrase, "affection's shrine", which takes us back to the affectations of the eighteenth century. The famous and anonymous epigram of Fortune and Hope with the ship safe in port comes out as well in the English version as in the Latin given in the notes.

By the death of Lieutenant Sterling, who was killed in action on St. George's Day last year, we lose a young poet of great promise. Looking at the charming face of the frontispiece, we can well believe all that is said of him in the short, touching memoir of Sedbergh, two years at Oxford and the trenches. A scholar of Pembroke, he won the Newdigate in 1914 with a poem on "The Burial of Sophocles", which is full of sensuous imagery, yet always shows fine taste. Here was one who in his two years got near the secret of Oxford. His verse is marked with real depth of feeling as well as taste, and there are none of the extravagancies which mar for us the work of many a young and spoilt poet. He was speculating, as a curious piece at the end shows, in a new metrical form when he laid down the pen for the sword. In one of his last poems he writes:

"I tip-toed from the palace gates
To find the toy
The rainbow spilt:
In fearful joy
And innocent guilt;
Nor heard the laughter of the Fates."

That pretty mood of fancy is common; but he heard also and marked a lark singing in the sky above the German trenches—a normal and eternal joy for those who have ears to hear.

The portrait which introduces "The Bridegroom" smacks of personal vanity, and the author, in her fifty

unrhymed songs concerning the Belovèd, has no great gift to astonish us. Her vocabulary reminds us of the Song of Solomon and Sir Rabindranath Tagore; and she tells the old story of the wonders and agitations of love by the aid of a distinctly precious Muse, a creature who seems

"too bright and good

For human nature's daily food".

The writer is in love with words as well as the Belovèd, and is ready to "speak to the weary world and comfort it" because "it knows no fairyland". But the world, after all, is not so stupid; it does not lack revelations of love and fancy; and it has what the author lacks—a considerable sense of humour. It is not "born of moonlight"; it has work to do; it has pleasures no less vivid because they are not dressed in long lines of poetical prose. Going back to Greece, we find one of her latest and sweetest singers in the Idyll of Hylas reproving a friend for an idle fancy. "Not for us only", he sings, "Love was born, from whatsoever god he sprang; not to us first fair things seem fair." These truisms seem pertinent in view of this latest collection of songs.

The poems of Mr. Mackaye, which come to us from New York, occupy the first volume, and the plays a second. The first volume brings together "The Present Hour", new poems for "The Present Hour", "Lincoln Centenary Ode", "Uriel and other Poems", and "The Sistine Eve and other Poems", and thus contains all the author's work up to date, work which at forty he regards "rather as the by-gleanings of a journey just set forth upon than in any sense the product of a goal attained". We are warned, further, that three-fourths of the author's work was designed "for the ears of convened audiences", and represents the spoken word in poetry, and that a similar proportion of it was executed for definite commissions. Struggling bards will think Mr. Mackaye fortunate, especially when they recall the American zeal for commemorations. English readers may be at a disadvantage when they read of

"The little shacks

That lined the road of muffled hackmatacks".

Mr. Mackaye seeks, we should say, for the picturesque word and phrase, but, when he has got it, he does not build it successfully into his fabric. His quick-coming images are a little too much for him, and his lines, to our ear, have a way of jolting. His verse is deficient in naturalness. "England in qualm" rhymes with "Notre Dame", but is not a phrase familiar to us in English. In his shorter and simpler pieces Mr. Mackaye does better than in his elaborate commemorative odes. There is much here of deft mosaic, which we should criticise in the spirit of Mr. W. B. Yeats's remark:

"I said, 'A line will take us hours maybe;

Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,

Our stitching and unstitching has been naught."

In the second volume the author has selected five plays "to represent, in verse and prose, his work in comedy, tragedy, and satire, on themes historical and modern". We notice that "Sappho and Phaon", a tragedy, is "set forth with a prologue, induction, prelude, interlude, and epilogue", and wonder if all these have been performed. Here, as in his verse, Mr. Mackaye tends to over-elaboration. The text of the plays occupies over 800 pages, which seems a good deal, even with excellent print.

THE CAREER OF AN ARTIST.

"Hearts and Faces." By John Murray Gibbon. Lane. 6s.

SINCE George Moore, in "A Modern Lover", sketched the career of a successful artist we remember nothing in fiction so vivacious and veracious as Mr. Gibbon's study of a Scotch painter. It is a pleasure to come across a man who can write and

knows the English language and is not afraid of his education in view of a vast and semi-instructed public. The book opens in Aberdeen, at the end of the 'eighties. George Grange, the future artist, is a student of King's College, under that fair crown which rises outside the busy city, as if to protest the excellence of the arts against science. But he has not to endure hardness, like the stern and arrogant boys who rise to early manhood and great things on scanty fare, and after a trial of the reeking odours of a miserable slum he uses his £200 a year for a start on his artistic career, lighting by lucky chance on an old and genuine painter as a mentor. With this guide he learns much before he tackles the art schools of London, but he has only a book knowledge of life.

The mentor fears the influence of women, the model whose life is not always of that description. But the young man wins through at home and abroad, and his author skilfully pilots him over some thin ice in feminine intercourse. How far he is conceived to be an admirable hero it is difficult to determine; but he has a hardness tending to isolation and a good idea of looking after himself, which make more for success than for charm. The coincidences which keep the villain and his interests before us—his end is grim in the genuine Scotch way—are occasionally surprising; but so is life. It is the merit of Mr. Gibbon that he achieves character, the real purpose of the novel when it is not meant for the cinematograph. He manages his complications capably, and he has a keen sense of the contrasts between sincerity and humbug in art and of the amazing world which does so much with advertisement.

THE WAR OF THE FUTURE.

"The Munitions of Peace." By H. E. Morgan. London: Nisbet. 2s. 6d. net.

LASSITUDE is the usual mood after a great war. The former belligerents are still willing to wound, but they must have some time to get up fresh energy before they can strike again. In the meantime they will do as much harm as possible to each other in the way of trade, and each will be content to injure himself if only he thinks he can injure the other more. It is all very well to say, "Lord, what fools these mortals be"; but we are only mortal, and to be too serene in mortal conditions does not tend to the survival of the fittest. It was a fairy who was so sarcastic a critic, and no doubt he would think a trade war an apt instance of human folly; but, as we should remind him, he did not know what it was to be mixed up in an inescapable tangle with Germans.

Now, frankly, from a purely personal point of view, we have read this little book of Mr. Morgan's with something like consternation. It is, we suppose, right for the situation in which we are; but it looks as if for the future there is to be trade, trade, and nothing but trade. Government is to exist chiefly for the promotion of trade, education is to be directed to produce the very parfit gentle trader. Personally, again, only from feeling and not in reason, we should prefer Gladstone or Disraeli declaiming to an applauding Senate, old style, to an ineloquent, nay, almost tongue-tied, but deep thinking, body of business magnates and advertisers, who are bent only on absolute business efficiency, and who despise rhetoricians and Government Departments with all their business mind and strength. Who does not love to think of universities and schools with their classical and literary training, rather than of technical colleges, and dream of the country as it was in the dear old days, rather than contemplate it as covered with experimental farms and beetroot fields for the manufacture of sugar, to spite and overreach the Germans? That, however, is not the wisdom of the business man—and if our feelings should override that wisdom, which, indeed, has its limitations, there is considerable danger that those formidable, realistic, tremendously efficient Germans will make an end not only of our trade but our culture. We may, then, heed the warning voice of Mr.

Morgan explaining in what respects in times past we have been foolish and slack and listen, even if shrinkingly, to what it befits us to do, as a thoroughly equipped mercantile nation, without any sentimental nonsense about us, in the future.

Perhaps on the whole we could not better describe the general character of the new order of things than to say that it seems to be rather like what we have been driven to under stress of the war. We have become accustomed to an immense extension of the State's range of action, and this will probably continue with certain changes in the Government Departments. For example, there may be a body, which Mr. Morgan calls a National Trade Agency, comparable to the Bank of England or the Port of London Authority, semi-independent, and under the control of purely business men, directing it to all purposes of extension of trade, and freed from the ineptitudes and malevolences of the party politician. In our new world, according to Mr. Morgan, individualism will be no longer our prevailing opinion and practice. With our changed conceptions of our interests and duties we shall hear no longer indignant remonstrances against the growth of officialism, because it will be the proper kind of officialism. It will not be the improper kind set up by party politicians which the other party hates, but endued with stern devotion to the goddess of trade.

Mr. Morgan composes a very readable survey of the problems which await solution at the end of the war. He is positively inspiring as to the measures which must be taken to knit together the Empire in the bands of trade preference, and self-sufficiency, and independence against the world. He reminds us of the importance of the land question, and of the settlement of men and women on our land as a totally new type of agriculturist, with all kinds of new methods, fostered and financed by the State. He is the candid friend of the Trade Unionist who has selfishly checked production, and of the employer who is old-fashioned, who will not learn the best methods, who is unscientific, and

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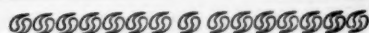
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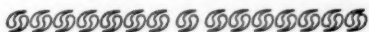
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will not, whatever Consular reports may say, make goods which foreign customers want, but only those he has been accustomed to supply, and who quotes everything in the English language, English currency, and English weights and measures, whilst his cleverer rivals steal away his trade. Mr. Morgan pictures a very strenuous future of self-reformation. It seems rather cruel to have the prospect of such an agitating peace immediately after the war, but there seems no help for it, and we must gird up our loins if we are to save ourselves alive.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The Gospel according to St. Matthew." By Alan Hugh McNeile, D.D. Macmillan. 15s.

As the idea of getting behind the theological Christ of Councils, Creeds and Pauline Epistles to a "simple Galilean Figure" has been discredited by recent scholarship, similarly the hope of penetrating behind the Gospels to imaginary "bare facts" is now seen to be illusory. "If," says Dr. McNeile, "we penetrate to Q, or any other early stratum of gospel literature, a radiance not of this world still emanates from the person of Jesus." And of the four evangelists St. Mark, the earliest, moves in an atmosphere as supernatural and miraculous as that of the other three. Yet, while the four portraits are those of the same Person, in each the portraiture has a dominant aspect. "Absence of differences would have indicated a smallness of personality in Jesus, small enough for tradition to have grasped it in its entirety." The modern critic thinks it unprofessional to hint at or allow for such a factor as inspiration. But the Divine Spirit may well have used natural diversities of points of view in His chosen instruments. St. Matthew's pre-occupation is Messianic. The Christ came to proclaim a kingdom (=monarchy, βασιλεία) and to demand a personal fealty to Himself as the expected King. Recently the apocalyptic character of Christ's message has been made prominent, and we are assured that He expected and foretold His own immediate return on the clouds to reign visibly over a regenerated Israel, the centre of a new world. There is much to be alleged for this view, and much also against it. We are not satisfied that Dr. McNeile solves the problem by talking about "Jewish" and "pictorial" phraseology which our Lord's human mind would naturally borrow from contemporary thought. If clouds and trumpets might be Hebraic symbolism, it is impossible to dismiss thus airily the stupendous conception of an immediate Apocalypse. Dr. McNeile supports the statement that our Lord's expectations and aims were "utterly remote from anything political", by the common unscholarly misquotation, "My kingdom is not of this world". "Of" in the Greek is *ek*—"My kingdom is not from hence". On the other hand, this commentary, as a whole, is fully abreast of modern erudition. It is certainly a sign of the times when a Bishop's examining chaplain proposes to discard from the text the great commission to evangelise the world and to baptise the nations, with the concluding words, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world". We gather also that Dr. McNeile does not consider an empty Grave absolutely essential to the idea of "resurrection". He agrees with most recent students in thinking that, despite the seeming exception at Matt. v. 32, Christ made wedlock to be indissoluble. "The remarriage of either party can claim the authority neither of Jesus nor the Church." May we suggest to the publishers that a book of this class and price should be better bound—our copy refuses to lie open and threatens disruption. Also that the lamentable "howler" in the Latin of the dedication might be amended by inserting a new page?

"Antwerp, 1477-1559." By Jervis Wegg. Methuen. 21s. net.

Mr. Wegg does not resemble a famous character of his name in yielding occasionally to the claims of levity. Anything more compact and businesslike than his history it would be difficult to imagine. His bibliography and index are both extensive, and his book would be simply invaluable to a novelist seeking for detail of a minute and convincing kind. Thus we learn that at the rejoicings over the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis greasy poles were first introduced to test the skill of the citizens of Antwerp and that in 1548 a young woman came to Antwerp who was twenty years old and seven feet high, though her parents were both short.

During the time Mr. Wegg has chosen Antwerp was nothing less than the mart of Western Europe and was inhabited by a dense population singularly tenacious of its liberties and always too important to be gravely disturbed out of its immense trade. In the last forty years of the period covered Antwerp became also the lending house of the world in finance, supporting three or four crowns at once, and some of Mr. Wegg's most interesting details refer to English agents sent over to secure money and munitions of war. The trade between England and Antwerp, especially in cloth, reached gigantic sums, and great bankers like the Fuggers wielded fortunes which would be fine even to-day.

The richness of Antwerp went with magnificence in display of all kinds. The celebrated Church of Our Lady was one of the finest of its day; each house had its name painted or carved on it, and the various and oddly named guilds covered a wide range of art and amusement. The artists of the town have reached world-wide fame, especially Quentin Matsys and Mabuse; Christopher Plantin came there to add lustre to its printing; there More placed the introduction to that part of his "Utopia" which he wrote first; and thither fled William Tyndale. Aegidium of Antwerp is inseparably associated with More and Erasmus.

Mr. Wegg chronicles the rise of Lutheranism and the sorrow of the Anabaptists in full detail. Indeed, nothing in any department of life seems to escape him. He knows all about pictures as well as breweries, and architecture as well as the Sweating Sickness. He tells us of the presents Dürer received on a visit in 1520, from a piece of white coral to a small green parrot and feathers from Calicut to barrels of capers and olives and a jar of triax, or theriac, an antidote to poison which has given us our word "treacle".

The book is too elaborate to be easy to read, but it is a work of remarkable erudition such as we seldom see in these days.

"The Anzac Book." Written and Illustrated in Gallipoli by the Men of Anzac. Cassell. 2s. 6d. net.

This very interesting compilation is sold for the benefit of patriotic funds connected with the Australasian troops. The text is alive with jolly qualities, true photographic illustrations are various, and several Australian draughtsmen do good work. In one photograph we see General Birdwood in the act of showing Lord Kitchener the Turkish position from Russell's Top. The Story of Anzac is reprinted in extracts from the despatches of Sir Ian Hamilton, and A. R. Perry, a Man of the Tenth, describes the first immense scenes on the morning of April 25th, 1915. Has any other book been written and illustrated by soldiers on active service? This one comes to us from the holly-clothed sides of Sari Bair; it should be a very great success.

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BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of Boots
Cash Chemists (Eastern), Ltd., was held on Wednesday, Sir
Jesse Boot, J.P., the chairman and managing director, pre-
siding.

The Chairman said: I may remark that not only are we able to
bring forward a balance-sheet this year showing increased profits,
but we can also feel a gratification in the fact that we have played
a useful part in supplying to the troops comforts of a medicinal
and sanatory nature which no other firm could have provided.
Work in connection with drugs and dispensing has been ex-
tremely heavy, and apart from this, one source of increased profit
has been the custom at our branches with those who have pur-
chased for their friends and relatives in troops at home and
abroad the little personal comforts and medicaments sold by our
firm alone, as well as the numerous toilet and other articles
supplied by us in common with other firms. Ever since the
training of the new armies commenced our shops in military areas
have been veritable hives of business. In view of these business
conditions we propose to pay, as last year, a dividend of 10 per
cent., free of income tax, for it seems preferable to maintain our
dividend at a steady rate rather than to pay one annual dividend
at say 14 per cent. and a year or so later pay only some 6 per
cent. It is really a matter of no little thankfulness that we are
able to do this and at the same time to strengthen our resources.
The wisdom of providing adequate reserves is manifest, and
should there be that severe trade reaction which many expect, we
may still hope to continue a satisfactory dividend. On this point,
however, I may observe that we have been carefully considering
the case of our many thousands of smaller shareholders, and
have decided during the ensuing year to pay dividend at the rate
of 12½ per cent., but the shareholders themselves will then be
called upon to pay income tax upon the dividends. This will
benefit all our shareholders whose income is less than £2,000
per annum. At present we pay upon our taxed profits at a
uniform rate of 5s., a rate which will apply in the case of indi-
vidual shareholders only to those in receipt of more than £2,000
a year. As I have mentioned on previous occasions, many of
the shareholders of this company hold shares also in Boots
Pure Drug Co. and the other allied companies. Last year it was
my privilege to announce that the parent company had com-
menced the manufacture, on a considerable scale, of fine chemi-
cals previously imported from Germany. Many difficulties have
been encountered in this connection during the past twelve
months, but many successes have attended our efforts. Large
sums have been spent in chemical apparatus and machinery, as
well as in research work; and, frankly, I think that without
boasting I may fairly claim that we have made more progress
than any other firm in supplying for pharmaceutical use syn-
thetic organic chemicals not previously manufactured in this
country. During the last twenty-two months we have expended
some £11,000 in supplementing the Army pay of those of our
employees who in the early stages of the war volunteered for
active service. Whereas a year ago I said that 1,200 had left
our various staffs to join His Majesty's Forces, this year I am
able to announce that, before compulsory service was established,
the number of those who had left us to join the Colours had
increased to nearly 1,900. I do not on this occasion propose to
deal with the figures: It is sufficient for me to say that they
show an advance in every respect upon all previous years. If
we do not, however, divide quite so large an amount as on
some occasions among the ordinary shareholders, the undivided
profits stand to their credit. I am glad also to state that we
have been able to make some addition to the reserve funds of
each of the companies.

Mr. T. S. Ratcliffe seconded the motion, which was carried
unanimously.

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